

A
COLLECTION
O F
H Y M N S
F O R
S O C I A L W O R S H I P,

More particularly designed for the Use of the
TABERNACLE and CHAPEL
CONGREGATIONS in LONDON.

By GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

Late of Pembroke College, Oxford;

AND

Chaplain to the Rt. Hon. the Countess of Huntingdon

Sing ye Praises with Understanding. Ps. xlviij. 7.

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L O N D O N :

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M D C C L X X X V I I .



P R E F A C E.

COURTEOUS READER,

If thou art acquainted with the Divine Life, I need not inform thee, that altho' all the Acts and Exercises of Devotion are sweet and delightful, yet we never resemble the Blessed Worshippers above more than when we are joining together in public Devotions, and with Hearts and Lips unfeigned, singing Praises to him who sitteth upon the Throne for ever. Consequently, Hymns composed for such a Purpose ought to abound much in Thanksgiving, and to be of such a Nature, that all who attend may join in them without being obliged to sing Lies, or not sing at all.—Upon this Plan the following Collection of Hymns is founded.—They are intended purely for social Worship, and so altered in some Particulars, that I think all may safely concur in using them—They are short, because I think three or four Stanzas, with a Doxology, are sufficient to be sung at one Time. I am no great Friend to long Sermons, long Prayers, or long Hymns. They generally weary instead of edifying, and therefore I think should be avoided by those who preside in any public Worshipping Assembly. Besides, as the Generality of those who receive the Gospel are commonly the Poor of the Flock, I have studied Cheapness, as well as Conciseness.—Much in a little is what God gives us in his Word—And the more we imitate such a Method in our public Performances and Devotions, the nearer we come up to the Pattern given us in the Mount. — I think myself justifiable in publishing some Hymns by way of Dialogue for the Use of the Society, because something like it is practised in our Cathedral Churches; but much more so because the Celestial Choir is represented in the Book of the Revelations, answering one another in their heavenly Anthems. That we all may be inspired and warmed with a like divine Fire whilst singing below, and be translated after Death to join with them in singing the Song of Moses and the Lamb above, is the earnest Prayer of, Courteous Reader,

Thy ready Servant, for Christ's Sake,

G. W.

I N D E X.

	Page
A Good High-priest is come	150
Ali! lovely Appearance of Death	157
Alas! and did our Saviour bleed	85
All Glory to God, and Peace upon Earth	160
All-wise, all-good, Almighty Lord	164
And are we Wretches yet alive	91
Array'd in mortal Flesh	18
Attend while God's eternal Son	66
Awake, and sing the Song	38
Awake, our Souls, away our Fears	70
Away from every mortal Care	94
Away with our Fears	161
B Efore Jehovah's awful Throne	198
Begin my Tongue some heavenly	80
Begin, ye Saints, the happy Song	247
Behold how Sinners disagree	239
Behold what wond'rous Grace	54
Be present at our Table, Lord	170
Blessed are the Sons of God	124
Bless, O my Soul, the living God	6
Blest are the Souls that hear and know	59
Blest be the dear uniting Love	140
Blest be the Father and his Love	44
Blest by Jesu's Providence	139
Blest morning whose young dawning Rays	81
Blood has a Voice to pierce the Skies	93
Blood of Jesu's Wounds, how good	118
Blow ye the Trumpet, blow	196
Brethren, let us join to bless	141
Brethren sing, 'tis right you shou'd	126
Buried in Shadows of the Night	20
C Hildren of Israel, see what	122
C hildren of the heav'ly King	143
Christ from whom all Blessings flow	135
Christ whose Glory fills the Skies	11
Clap your Hands, ye People all	34
Come, all harmonious Tongues	83

I N D E X.

	Page
Come, and let us sweetly join	132
Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell	62
Come, descend, O heav'ly Spirit	210
Come, divine Immanuel, come	142
Come, guilty Souls, and flee away	64
Come, happy Souls, approach your God	88
Come, holy Ghost, our Hearts inspire	22
Come, holy Spirit, heav'ly Dove	78
Come, let us adore	10
Come, let us ascend	190
Come, let us join our cheerful Songs	39
Come, let us lift our joyful Eyes	91
Come, my Brethren, Israel's Race	39
Come, my Father's Family	114
Come, my Soul, before the Lamb	69
Come, thou Almighty King	178
Come, thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing	180
Come, thou long-expected Jesus	162
Come, we that Love the Lord	127
Come, worship at Immanuel's Feet	3
Come, ye Lovers of the Lamb	115
Come, ye Sinners, poor and wretched	214
Creator, Spirit, by whose Aid	21
D arest of all the Names above	97
Dearest Saviour, help thy Servant	236
Deep in the Dust, before thy Throne	57
Descend celestial Dove	99
Descend from Heav'n, immortal Dove	63
Disciples of Christ	98
Dismiss us with thy Blessing, Lord	251
Down headlong from the native Skies	87
E RE I sleep for ev'ry Favour	171
F Aithful Bridegroom, holy Lamb	191
Far from our Thoughts, vain world	2
Father, our Hearts, we lift	26

I N D E X.

	Page
Father, Son and Holy Ghost	253
Father, Son and Spirit, hear	133
Firm as the Earth thy Gospel stands	237
For all the Blessings of the Day	247
From all that dwell below the Skies	62
From thee, my God, my Joys shall	206
G iver of Concord, Prince of	131
Give Thanks to God most	60
Give to the Father Praise	254
Give us thy Strength, thou God	252
Glory be to God on high	52
Glory to our gracious Donor	193
God of my Salvation, hear	208
Grace, how exceeding sweet to those	187
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah	227
H ail holy, holy, holy Lord	45
Hail the Day that sees him rise	35
Happy he who e'er believes	75
Happy the Heart where Graces	212
Happy the Man to whom 'tis	246
Hark ! dull Soul, how every Thing	65
Hark ! the herald Angels sing	24
Head of the Church Triumphant	129
He comes ! he comes ! the Judge	175
He dies ! the Friend of Sinners dies	194
Hence, from my Soul, sad Thoughts	217
Hither ye poor, ye sick, ye blind	4
Ho ! every one that thirsts draw	199
Holy Lamb, who thee receive	74
Ho ! Pilgrims (if ye Pilgrims be)	125
Hosannah to Jesus on high	155
Hosannah to our conqu'ring King	58
Hosannah to the Prince of Light	34
How can we adore	42
How condescending, and how kind	223
How empty was our former Boast	226
How glorious the Lamb	56
How heavy is the Night	20

I N D E X.

	Page
How many Years have we been	103
How pleasant, how divinely fair	16
How sad our State by Nature is	50
Husband of thy Church below	134
J ESU, let thy pitying Eye	176
J esu, Lover of my Soul	179
Jesu, shew us thy Salvation	173
Jesu, thou dost cry aloud	216
Jesu, thy Blood and Righteousness	205
Jesus come, our dearest Jesus	159
Jesus I love thy charming Name	204
Jesus, Lord, we look to thee	138
Jesus my all to Heav'n is gone	213
Jesus, we bless thy Father's Name	238
Jesus who died a World to save	32
I'm not ashame'd to own my Lord	222
If Jesus is yours	250
I know that my Redeemer lives	244
In every Trouble sharp and strong	189
Infinite Grief, amazing Woe	84
In silent Sadness, I'm condemn'd	224
Join all the glorious Names	17
Join all who love the Saviour's	245
Is there a Thing beneath the Sky	89
Is there a Thing that moves and	195
I've found the Pearl of greatest	202
I will lay me down to Sleep	252
K ING of Saints, to whom are	136
L aden with Guilt, Sinners arise	197
L amb of God, whose bleeding	219
Let Angels and Archangels sing	163
Let every mortal Ear attend	5
Let God the Father live	45
Let them neglect thy Glory, Lord	80
Let us, the Sheep by Jesus named	121
Lift up your Eyes to th' Heav'nly	37

I N D E X.

	Page
Lo he cometh! countless Trumpets	149
Long have we sat beneath the Sound	72
Lord, accept our feeble Praise	192
Lord, and God of heav'nly Powers	52
Lord, dismiss us with thy Blessing	249
Lord, look on all assembled here	225
Lord, make me faithful to my call	228
Lord, of the Worlds above	15
Lord, thou hast bid thy People pray	109
Lord, we adore thy vast Designs	92
Lord, we are vile, conceiv'd in Sin	94
Lord, we come before thee now	2
Lord, we would spread our sore	100
Lord, what a Heav'n of saving	55
Love brought down God's dear only	188
Love divine, all Love excelling	144
Loving Saviour, Prince of Peace	116
M EET and right it is to sing	51
Mercy, good Lord, Mercy	252
Musing on my Habitation	228
My God, my Life, my Love	203
My God, my Portion, and my Love	207
My most indulgent Saviour	182
My Soul, come meditate the Day	153
My Soul, repeat his Praise	7
My Time, Oh ye Daughters	234
N ATURE with all her Pow'rs	109
None but Jesus will we sing	253
No farther go to Night, but stay	252
Not all the Blood of Beasts	96
Nothing but thy Blood, O Jesus	237
Now begin the heav'nly Theme	185
Now for a Tune of losty Praise	30
Now in a Song of grateful Praise	241
Now from the Altar of our Hearts	12
Now may the Spirit's holy Fire	1
Now to the Lord a noble Song	56
Now to the Power of God supreme	63

I N D E X.

	Page
O Come let us join, in Music divine	166
O come let us join, together	147
O come thou wounded Lamb of	67
Offspring of David,	168
Of him who did Salvation bring	70
O God, how endless is thy Love	13
Oh ! for a Glance of heav'nly Day	220
Oh ! the Delights, the heav'nly	84
O Jesu ! our Lord, thy Name be	172
O Lord how great's the Favour	181
O Lord how many are our Foes	8
O Lord our God, how wond'rous	50
O Love divine, how sweet thou art	68
O Love divine, what hast thou done	218
O may I bear an humble Part	254
Once slaughter'd, now exalted Lamb	123
O Saviour, thou thy Mysteries	128
O tell me no more	211
O thou in whom the Gentiles trust	72
Our drowsy Powers, why sleep ye so	74
Our God reigns, ye Lands rejoice	105
Our Lives, our Blood we here	251
O when shall we, supremely blest	239
P Art'ners of a glorious Hope	132
Plung'd in a Gulph of dark	82
Praise God from whom all Blessings	253
Praise ye the Lord, exalt his Name	60
Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise	64
R AISE your triumphant Songs	89
Rejoice the Lord is King	130
Rise, my Soul, adore thy Maker	169
Rise, my Soul, and stretch thy	113
Rise our Souls to praise the Care	9
Rise, O ye Seed of David, rise	120
S Alvation ! O the joyful Sound	58
Saviour, canst thou love a Traitor	250
Saviour, King assume thy Pow'r	229
	104

I N D E X.

	Page
Saviour of the World attend	102
See a poor Sinner, dearest Lord	243
See, my Soul, with Wonder see	27
Shout to the Lord, and let our Joys	107
Since all the downward Tracts	240
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's Name	59
Sing we to our God above	253
Sinners obey the Gospel Word	4
Soldiers of Christ, arise	145
Son of God, thy Blessing grant	189
Source of Light and Pow'r divine	236
Sure thy Name is wonderful	40
Sweet is the Work, O God our King	14
Sweet the Moments, rich in Blessing	209
 T AKE my poor Heart, just as	187
Teach me the Measure of my	152
Tell us, O Women, we wou'd know	122
Thanks be to God, whose faithful	156
Thee we adore, eternal Name	240
The God of Abrah'm praise	230
The King of Glory sends his Son	23
The Lord of Earth and Sky	108
The Lord supplies his People's Need	8
The Lord the Sovereign King	48
There is a Land of pure Delight	199
The Saviour who kept us To-day	11
The Sun of Righteousness appears	33
This God is the God we adore	250
This is the Day the Lord hath made	13
Thou dear R ^e deemer, dying Lamb	116
Thou hidden Love of God, whose	146
Thou Shepherd of Isr'el divine	186
Thus did the Sons of Abrah'm pass	99
Thy Favours, Lord, surprize our	77
Thy Mercy, my God, is the Theme	233
'Tis finish'd, the Redeemer said	53
'Tis finish'd, 'tis done	154
To all my Vileness, Christ is	221

I N D E X.

	Page
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost	253
To God the Father's Throne	254
To God the only wise	71
To God who reigns enthron'd on	254
To him that chose us first	47
To praise redeeming Love	79
Try us, O God, and search the	137
U p to the Lord, that reigns on high	77
Vain are the Hopes the Sons	211
W e bless the Prophet of the	95
We give immortal Praise	46
Welcome sweet Day of Rest	14
Welcome, welcome blessed Servant	222
Well ! the Redeemer's gone	37
We magnify thy Grace, O Lord	90
We sing to thee, thou Son of God	119
We thank thee, Lord, for this our	170
What equal Honours shall we bring	31
What good News the Angels bring	25
What joyful News salutes our Ears	248
What shall we render unto thee	183
When I survey the wond'rous Cross	172
When shall my frozen Heart revive	220
Who can have greater Cause to sing	111
Who hath our Report believed	166
Why do we mourn departing Friends	152
Why should the Children of a King	23
Why was unbelieving I	200
With fiery Serpents greatly pain'd	48
With Joy we meditate the Grace	29
Worthy is Christ our paschal Lamb	140
Y e Children of my God	165
Ye Seekers of God, whose	65
Ye serious Souls draw near	101
Ye Servants of God, your Master	43
Ye that pass by behold the Man	29
Z ION's a Garden wall'd around	73

An HYMN to the HOLY GHOST.

Extracted from the Ordination Office.

COME HOLY GHOST, our Souls in-
spire,
And lighten with Celestial Fire,
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sev'nfold Gifts impart.
Thy blessed Unction from above,
Is Comfort, Life, and Fire of Love.
Enable with perpetual Light
The Dulness of our blinded Sight.
Anoint and chear our soiled Face,
With the Abundance of thy Grace.-
Keep far our Foes, give Peace at Home !
Where thou art Guide, no Ill can come.
Teach us to know the FATHER, SON,
And thee, of both, to be but One;
That through the Ages all along,
This, this may be our endless Song :

Praise GOD, from whom all Blessings
flow,
Praise Him all Creatures here below ;
Praise Him above ye heav'ly Host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

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H Y M N S

FOR

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

H Y M N I.

At the Opening of WORSHIP.

NOW may the Spirit's Holy Fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting Family inspire
With Joy, and Peace, and Love !

Thee we the Comforter confess ;
Unless thou'rt present here,
Our Songs of Praise are vain Address,
We utter heartless Pray'r.

Wake heav'nly Wind, arise and come,
Blow on the drooping Field ;
Our Spices then shall breathe Perfume,
And fragrant Incense yield.

Touch, with a living Coal, the Lip
That shall proclaim thy Word,
And bid each awful Hearer keep
Attention to the Lord.

Hasten the Restitution-Day,
 Which now Corruption shrouds,
 New Heav'ns and new Earth display,
 With Jesus in the Clouds.

HYMN II.

The Same.

FAR from our Thoughts, vain World be
 Let our religious Hours alone ; (gone,
 O may our Eyes our Saviour see !
 We wait a Visit, Lord, from thee.

O warm our Hearts with Holy Fire,
 And kindle there a pure Desire,
 Come, our dear Jesus, from above,
 And feed our Souls with heav'nly Love.

Blest Jesus, what delicious Fare !
 How sweet thy Entertainments are !
 Never did Angels taste above,
 Redeeming Grace, and dying Love.

Hail, great Immanuel, all Divine !
 In thee thy Father's Glories shine :
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
 That Eyes have seen, or Angels known !

HYMN III.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

LORD, we come before thee now,
 At thy Feet we humbly bow ;
 Oh ! do not our Suit disdain,
 Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?

Lord, on thee our Souls depend ;
 In Compassion now descend ;
 Fill our Hearts with thy rich Grace,
 Tune our Lips to sing thy Praise.

In thine own appointed Way,
 Now we seek thee—here we stay ;
 Lord we know not how to go,
 'Till a Blessing thou bestow :
 Send some Message from thy Word,
 That may Joy and Peace afford ;
 Let thy Spirit now impart
 Full Salvation to each Heart.

Comfort those who weep and mourn,
 Let the Time of Joy return ;
 Those that are cast down, lift up ;
 Make them strong in Faith and Hope ;
 Grant that those who seek may find
 Thee a God supremely kind :
 Heal the Sick, the Captive free,
 Let us all rejoice in thee.

H Y M N IV.

The Same.

COME worship at Immanuel's Feet,
 See in his Face what Wonders meet ;
 Words are too feeble to express
 His Worth, his Glory, or his Grace.

When shall we climb those higher Skies,
 Where Storms and Tempest never rise ;
 Where he unveils his lovely Face,
 And shines and reigns the God of Grace ?

Nor Earth, nor Air, nor Sun, nor Stars,
 Nor Heav'n, his full Resemblance bears ;
 His Beauties we can never trace
 'Till we behold him Face to Face.

HYMN V.

Invitation.

HITHER, ye Poor, ye Sick, ye Blind,
 A sin-disorder'd trembling Throng ;
 To you the Gospel calls, to you
 Messiah's Blessings all belong.

Reason's and Virtue's boasting Sons
 Derive no Blessings from this Tree,
 For Sinners only Jesus dy'd,
 Then sure I hear he dy'd for me.

'Twas with our Griefs Messiah groan'd,
 'Twas with our Guilt his Soul was try'd ;
 Our Punishment he took, he bore,
 And Sinners liv'd when Jesus dy'd.

Awake each Heart, arise each Soul,
 And join the blissful Choirs above :
 May nothing tune our future Song,
 But heav'nly Wisdom, heav'nly Love.

HYMN VI.

The Same.

SINNERS, obey the GOSPEL-WORD,
 Haste to the Supper of our Lord ;
 Be wise to know your glorious Day,
 All Things are ready, come away.

Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late returning Son ;
Ready the loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding Hands.

Ready the Spirit of his Love,
Just now the stony Heart to move ;
T' apply, and Witness with the Blood,
And wash, and seal you Sons of God.

Ready for you the Angels wait,
To triumph in your blest Estate ;
Tuning their Harps they long to praise
The wonders of Redeeming Grace.

Come then, ye Sinners, to your Lord,
To Happiness in Christ restor'd :
His proffer'd Benefits embrace,
The Plenitude of GOSPEL-GRACE.

H Y M N VII.

The Same.

LET ev'ry mortal Ear attend,
And ev'ry Heart rejoice,
The Trumpet of the GOSPEL sounds
With an inviting Voice.

Ho ! all ye hungry starving Souls,
That feed upon the Wind,
And vainly strive with earthly Toys
To fill an empty Mind :

Eternal Wisdom hath prepar'd
A Soul-reviving Feast,
And bids our longing Appetites,
The rich Provision taste.

Ho ! ye that pant for living Streams,
 And pine away and die,
 Here you may quench your raging Thirst
 With Springs that never dry.

Dear God, the Treasures of thy Love,
 Are everlasting Mines,
 Deep as our helpless Mis'ries are,
 And boundless as our Sins.

The happy Gates of GOSPEL-GRACE,
 Stand open Night and Day ;
 Lord, we are come to seek Supplies,
 And drive our Wants away.

H Y M N VIII.

Thanksgiving.

BLESS, O my Soul, the living God,
 Call home thy Thoughts that rove abroad ;
 Let all the Pow'rs within me join
 In Work and Worship so divine.

Bless, O my Soul, the God of Grace ;
 His Favours claim thy highest Praise :
 Why should the Wonders he hath wrought
 Be lost in Silence and forgot ?

'Tis he, my Soul, that sent his Son
 To die for Crimes which thou hast done ;
 He owns the Ransom, and forgives
 The hourly Follies of our Lives.

Our Youth decay'd, his Pow'r repairs ;
 His Mercy crowns our growing Years ;

He satisfies our Mouth with Good,
And fills our Souls with heav'nly Food.

Let the whole Earth his Pow'r confess,
Let the whole Earth adore his Grace :
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In Work and Worship so divine.

H Y M N IX.

The Same.

MY Soul repeat his Praise,
Whose Mercies are so great,
Whose Anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

High as the Heav'ns are rais'd
Above the Ground we tread ;
So far the Riches of his Grace
Our highest Thoughts exceed.

The Pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his Name,
Is such as tender Parents feel :
He knows our feeble Frame.

Our Days are as the Grass,
Or like the Morning Flow'r ;
If one sharp Blast sweeps o'er the Field,
It withers in an Hour.

But thy Compassions Lord,
To endless Years endure ;
And Children's Children ever find
Thy Word of Promise sure.

H Y M N X.

God's Goodness to his People.

THE Lord supplies his People's Need,
Jehovah is his Name;
In Pastures fresh he makes them feed
Beside the living Stream.

He brings their wand'ring Spirits back,
When they forsake his Ways,
And leads them for his Mercy's Sake,
In Paths of Truth and Grace.

When they walk thro' the Shades of Death,
His Presence is their Stay;
A Word of his supporting Breath
Drives all their Fears away.

His Hand in Sight of all their Foes
Doth still their Table spread;
Their Cup with Blessings overflows,
His Oil anoints their Head.

The sure Provisions of our God,
Attend us all our Days:
O may his House be our Abode,
And all our Work his Praise!

H Y M N XI.

Morning Worship.

O Lord, how many are our Foes,
In this weak State of Flesh and Blood!
Our Peace they daily discompose,
But our Defence and Hope is God.

Tir'd with the Burthens of the Day,
 To thee we rais'd an Ev'ning Cry ;
 Thou heard'ft when we began to pray,
 And thine Almighty Help was nigh.

Supported by thine heav'nly Aid,
 We laid us down and slept secure ;
 Not Death should make our Hearts afraid,
 Though we should sleep and rise no more.

But God sustain'd us all the Night !
 Salvation doth to God belong :
 He rais'd our Head to see the Light,
 And he shall have our Morning Song :

H Y M N XII.

The Same.

RISE our Souls to praise the Care
 Of Jesus true and good ;
 Sing to him whose Robes appear
 As newly dipt in Blood :
 By his Pow'r we live to see
 The Dawning of another Day ;
 Farther favour'd may we be,
 When here no more we stay.

O may we in Righteousness,
 In Jesu's Arms awake !
 And the Joys the Saints posseſs,
 With them ere long partake :
 With our common Father sit,
 And in his heav'nly Kingdom praise,
 (Bowing down before his Feet)
 The Riches of his Grace.

HYMN XIII.

The Same.

COME, let us adore
 The Lord's gracious Hand,
 (Our Great GOVERNOR)
 Who gave a Command
 And Charge to his Angels
 To watch round our Bed,
 To guard us from Evils,
 From Dangers and Dread.

Our Shepherd alone,
 The Lord let us bless,
 Who reigns on his Throne
 The Prince of our Peace ;
 Who ever more saves us
 By shedding his Blood ;
 All hail, holy Jesus,
 Our Lord and our God !

We daily will sing
 Thy Merits, thy Praise,
 Thou merciful Spring
 Of Pity and Grace :
 Thy Kindness for ever
 To Men we will tell ;
 And say our dear Saviour
 Redeems us from Hell.

Preserve us in Love,
 While here we abide ;
 Nor ever remove,
 Nor cover, nor hide,
 Thy glorious Salvation ;
 Till joyful we see

The beautiful Vision
Compleated in thee.

H Y M N XIV.

The Same.

CHRIST, whose Glory fills the Skies ;
Christ, the true, the only Light ;
Son of Righteousness arise,
Triumph o'er the Shades of Night ;
Day-Spring from on high be near,
Day-Star in our Hearts appear.

Dark and clearless is the Morn,
Unaccompany'd by thee ;
Joyless is the Day's Return,
'Till thy Mercy's Beams we see,
Lord, thy inward Light impart,
Glad our Eyes, and warm each Heart.

Visit ev'ry Soul of thine,
Pierce the Gloom of Sin and Grief,
Fill with Radiancy divine,
Scatter all our Unbelief :
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect Day.

H Y M N XV.

Evening Worship.

THE Saviour who kept us To-day,
The Lamb who takes our Sins away,
Our thankful Souls shall bless,
Thou worthy art, O Son of God,
Of endless Praise ; for in thy Blood
Saints sweetly rest in Peace.

We'll lay us down, and thou, our Lord,
 With all thy Angels us will guard :
 Our Souls to thee we trust ;
 Thou shalt (for thou art able) keep
 Our Souls among the Fellowship
 Of Saints through thee made just.

H Y M N XVI.

The Same.

NOW, from the Altar of our Hearts,
 Let Incense Flames arise ;
 Assist us, Lord, to offer up
 Our Evening Sacrifice.

Awake our Love, awake our Joy,
 Awake our Heart and Tongue :
 Sleep not when Mercies loudly call,
 Break forth into a Song.

Minutes and Mercies multiply'd,
 Have made up all this Day ;
 Minutes came quick, but Mercies were
 More fleet and free than they.

New Time, new Favour, and new Joys,
 Do a new Song require ;
 'Till we shall praise thee as we would,
 Accept our Heart's Desire.

Lord of our Time, whose Hand hath set
 New Time upon our Score ;
 Thee may we praise for all our Time,
 When Time shall be no more !

H Y M N XVII.

Morning or Evening.

O God, how endless is thy Love,
Thy Gifts are ev'ry Ev'ning new ;
And Morning Mercies, from above,
Gently distil like early Dew.

Thou spread'st the Curtain of the Night,
Great Guardian of our sleeping Hours ;
Thy sov'reign Word restores the Light,
And quickens all our drowsy Pow'rs.

We yield our Pow'rs to thy Command,
To thee we consecrate our Days ;
Perpetual Blessings from thine Hand
Demand perpetual Songs of Praise.

H Y M N XVIII.

On the L O R D ' s D A Y .

THIS is the Day the Lord hath made,
He calls the Hours his own ;
Let Heav'n rejoice, let Earth be glad,
And Praise surround the Throne.

To-day Christ rose, and left the Dead,
And Satan's Empire fell ;
To-day the Saints his Triumphs spread,
And all his Wonders tell.

Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son ;
Help us, O Lord, descend, and bring
Salvation from thy Throne.

Hosanna, in the highest Strains
 The Church on Earth can raise ?
 The highest Heav'ns in which he reigns
 Shall give him nobler Praise.

H Y M N XIX.

The Same.

WELCOME, sweet Day of Rest,
 That saw the Lord arise ;
 Welcome to this reviving Breast,
 And these rejoicing Eyes !

The King himself comes near,
 And feasts his Saints To-day :
 Here we may sit, and see him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.

One Day amidst the Place
 Where our dear God hath been,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand Days,
 Of pleasurable Sin.

Bid, Lord, our Souls to stay
 In such a Frame as this ;
 And when thou call'st for them away,
 Waft them to endless Bliss.

H Y M N XX.

The Same.

SWEET is the Work, O God, our King,
 To praise thy Name, give Thanks, and sing :
 To shew thy Love by Morning Light,
 And talk of all thy Truth by Night.

Sweet is the Day of sacred Rest,
 No mortal Care should seize our Breast ;
 O may our Hearts in Tune be found,
 Like David's Harp of solemn Sound !

Our Hearts shall triumph in thee, Lord,
 And bless thy Work, and bless thy Word ;
 Thy Works of Grace, how bright they shine !
 How deep thy Counsels ! how divine !

O may we see, and hear, and know,
 What Mortals cannot reach below :
 May all our Pow'rs find sweet Employ
 In Christ's eternal World of Joy.

H Y M N XXI.

Longing for the House of God.

LORD of the Worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair,
 The Dwellings of thy Love,
 Thy earthly Temples are !
 To his Abode,
 My Soul, aspire,
 With warm Desire,
 To see thy God.

O happy Souls that pray,
 Where God appoints to hear !
O happy Men that pay
 Their constant Service there !
 They praise Christ still ;
 And happy they
 That love the Way
 To Zion's Hill.

They go from Strength to Strength,
 Through this dark Vale of Tears,
 'Till each arrives at length,
 'Till each in Heav'n appears,
 O glorious Seat !
 Our God and King,
 Us thither bring,
 To kiss thy Feet !

The Lord his People loves :
 His Hand no Good withholds,
 From those his Heart approves,
 From pure and pious Souls,
 Thrice happy he,
 O God of Hosts,
 Whose Spirit trusts
 Alone in thee !

H Y M. N. XXII.

The Same.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
 O Lord of Hosts, thy Dwellings are !
 The new-born Soul both longs and faints
 To meet th' Assemblies of thy Saints.

Blest are the Souls that find a Place
 Within the Temple of thy Grace !
 There they behold thy gentler Rays,
 And seek thy Face, and learn thy Praise.

Blest are the Men whose Hearts are set
 To find the Way to Zion's Gate ;
 God is their Strength, and through the Road
 They lean upon their Helper God.

Oh may we walk with growing Strength,
 'Till we all meet in Heav'n at length :
 'Till all before Christ's Face appear,
 And join in nobler Worship there !

H Y M N XXIII.

Offices of C H R I S T.

JOIN all the glorious Names
 Of Wisdom, Love, and Power,
 That Mortals ever knew,
 That Angels ever bore :

All are too mean
 To speak his Worth,
 Too mean to set
 Our Saviour forth.

But, O what gentle Terms ;
 What condescending Ways,
 Doth our Redeemer use
 To teach his heav'nly Grace !

My Soul, with Joy
 And Wonder see
 What Forms of Love
 He bears for thee.

Great Prophet of our God,
 Our Tongues would bless thy Name !
 By thee the joyful News
 Of our Salvation came ;
 The joyful News
 Of Sins forgiv'n,
 Of Hell subdu'd,
 And Peace with Heav'n.

Jesus our great High Priest,
Offer'd his Blood and dy'd ;
Thou guilty Sinner seek
No Sacrifice beside :

His pow'rful Blood
Did once atone,
And now it pleads
Before the Throne.

Thou dear Almighty Lord,
Our Conqu'ror, and our King ;
Thy Sceptre, and thy Sword,
Thy reigning Grace we sing,
Thine is the Pow'r ;
O may we sit,
In willing Bonds,
Beneath thy Feet !

H Y M N XXIV.

The Same.

ARRAY'D in mortal Flesh,
Christ like an Angel stands,
And holds the Promises
And Pardons in his Hands.
Commission'd from
His Father's Throne,
To make his Grace
To Mortals known.

Be thou our Counsellor,
Our Pattern, and our Guide !
And through this desert Land
Still keep us near thy Side !

O let our Feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek
The crooked Way !

We'd hear our Shepherd's Voice,
Who's watchful Eye doth keep
Poor wand'ring Souls among
The Thousands of his Sheep.
He feeds his Flock,
He calls their Names,
His Bosom bears
The tender Lambs.

To this dear Surety's Hands,
My Soul commend thy Cause,
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken Laws :
Believing Souls
Now free are set :
For Christ hath paid
Their dreadful Debt.

Their Advocate appears,
For their Defence on high,
The Father bows his Ears,
And lays his Thunder by :
Not all that Hell
Or Sin can say,
Shall turn his Heart,
His Love away.

Then let our Souls arise,
And tread the Tempter down ;
Our Captain leads us forth
To Conquest and a Crown.

A feeble Saint
Shall win the Day,
Tho' Death and Hell
Obstruct the Way.

HYMN XXV.

CHRIST our Wisdom, Righteousness,
Sanctification, and Redemption.

BURY'D in Shadows of the Night,
We lie, till Christ restores the Light ;
Wisdom descends to heal the Blind,
And chace the Darkness of the Mind.

Lost guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears,
'Till the atoning Blood appears ;
Then they awake from deep Distress,
And sing the Lord our Righteousness.

Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his Slaves in heavy Chains :
He sets the Pris'ners free, and breaks
The Iron Bondage from our Necks.

Poor helpless Worms in thee possess
Grace, Wisdom, Power, and Righteousness ;
Thou art our mighty All, may we
Give our whole Selves, O Lord, to thee !

HYMN XXVI.

The Same.

HOW heavy is the Night,
That hangs upon our Eyes,
'Till Christ with his reviving Light,
Over our Souls arise !

Our guilty Spirits dread
 To meet the Wrath of Heaven !
 But in his Righteousness array'd,
 We see our Sins forgiv'n.

Unholy and impure
 Are all our Thoughts and Ways
 His Hands infected Nature cure
 With sanctifying Grace.

The Pow'rs of Hell agree
 To hold our Souls in vain ;
 He sets the Sons of Bondage free,
 And breaks the cursed Chain.

Lord we adore thy Ways
 That bring us near to God ;
 Thy sovereign Pow'r, thy healing Grace,
 And thine atoning Blood.

H Y M N XXVII. To the HOLY GHOST.

CREATOR Spirit by whose Aid
 The World's Foundation's first were laid,
 Come visit ev'ry waiting Mind,
 Come pour thy Joys on Human Kind ;
 From Sin and Sorrow set us free,
 And make us Temples worthy thee.

O Source of uncreated Heat,
 The Fathers promis'd Paraclete !
 Thrice holy Fount, immortal Fire,
 Our Hearts with heav'nly Love inspire ;
 Come, and thy sacred Unction bring,
 To sanctify us while we sing.

Create all new, our Wills controul,
 Subdue the Rebel in our Soul;
 Chace from our Minds th' infernal Foe,
 And Peace, the Fruit of Faith, bestow,
 And least again we go astray,
 Protect and guide us in thy Way.

Immortal Honours, endless Fame,
 Attend th' Almighty Father's Name :
 The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
 Who for lost Man's Redemption dy'd :
 And equal Adoration be,
 Eternal Comforter, to thee ;

H Y M N XXVIII.

The Same.

COME, Holy Ghost, our Hearts inspire,
 Let us thine Influence prove ;
 Source of the old prophetic Fire,
 Fountain of Life and Love.

Come, Holy Ghost, (for mov'd by thee
 The holy Prophets spoke)
 Unlock the Truth, thyself the Key,
 Unseal the sacred Book.

Expand thy Wings, prolific Dove,
 Brood o'er our Nature's Night ;
 On our disorder'd Spirits move,
 And let there now be Light.

God thro' himself we then shall know,
 If thou within us shine ;
 And sound, with all thy Saints below,
 The Depths of Love divine.

H Y M N XXIX.

The Same.

WHY should the Children of a King,
Go mourning all their Days ?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some Tokens of thy Grace.

Dost thou not dwell in all thy Saints,
And seal the Heirs of Heav'n ?
When wilt thou banish our Complaints,
And shew our Sins forgiv'n ?

Affuse each Conscience of its Part
In the Redeemer's Blood,
And bear thy Witness in each Heart,
That it is born of God.

Thou art the Earnest of his Love,
The Pledge of Joys to come ;
May thy blest Wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey us home !

H Y M N XXX.

CHRIST's Birth.

THE King of Glory sends his Son,
To make his Entrance on this Earth :
Behold the Midnight bright as Noon,
An heav'nly Host declare his Birth !

About the young Redeemer's Head !
What Wonders and what Glories meet !
An unknown Star arose, and led
The eastern Sages to his Feet.

Simeon and Anna both conspire,
The infant Saviour to proclaim :
Inward they felt the sacred Fire,
And bless'd the Babe, and own'd his Name.

Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy Child with scorn ;
Our Souls adore th' eternal God,
Who condescended to be born.

H Y M N XXXI.

The Same.

HARK the Herald-Angels sing
Glory to the new-born King !
Peace on Earth, and Mercy mild,
God and Sinners reconciled.

Joyful all ye Nations rise,
Join the Triumphs of the Skies ;
Nature rise and worship him,
Who was born at Bethlehem.

Christ by highest Heav'n ador'd,
Christ the everlasting Lord ;
Late in Time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's Womb.

Veil'd in Flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity !
Pleas'd as Man with Men t'appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace !
Hail the Son of Righteousness !
Light and Life around he brings,
Ris'n with Healing in his Wings.

Mild he lays his Glory by,
 Born that Men no more may die ;
 Born to raise the Sons of Earth,
 Born to give them second Birth.

Come, Desire of Nations, come,
 Fix in us thy heav'nly Home :
 Rise the Woman's conquering Seed,
 Bruise in us the Serpent's Head.

Adani's Likeness now efface,
 Stamp thy Image in its Place ;
 Second Adam from above,
 Work it in us by thy Love.

H Y M N XXXII.

The Same.

WHAT good News the Angels bring !
 What glad Tidings of our King !
 Christ the Lord is born To-day,
 Christ who takes our Sins away ;
 He who rules in Heav'n and Earth,
 Hath in Bethlehem his Birth ;
 Him shall all his People see,
 And rejoice eternally.

Lift your Hearts and Voices high,
 With Hosannas fill the Sky ;
 Glory be to God above !
 God is infinite in Love !
 Peace on Earth, Good-will to Men !
 Now with us our God is seen :
 Angels join with us in Praise,
 Help us sing Redeeming Grace.

D

Now the Wall is broken down,
 Now the Gospel is made known :
 Now the Door is open wide,
 Christ for Jew and Gentile dy'd—
 All who feel the Weight of Sin,
 All who languish to be clean,
 All who for Redemption groan,
 May be sav'd by Faith alone.

Jesus is the lovely Name,
 This the Angels doth proclaim ;
 He shall all his People save,
 They in him Remission have ;
 When they see themselves undone,
 They take Refuge in the Son ;
 They shall all be born again,
 And with him in Glory reign.

Shout ye Nations of the Earth,
 Sing the Triumphs of his Birth :
 All the World is by him blest :
 Sound his Praise from East to West,
 Jews and Gentiles jointly sing,
 Christ our common Lord and King ;
 Christ our Life, our Joy, our Song,
 To Eternity prolong.

H Y M N XXXIII.

The Same.

FATHER, our Hearts we lift
 Up to thy gracious Throne,
 And bless thee for the precious Gift,
 Of thine incarnate Son :

The Gift unspeakable,
We thankfully receive,
And to the World thy Goodness tell !
O may we to thee live !

Jesus, the holy Child,
Doth by his Birth declare,
That God and Man are reconcil'd,
And one in him we are :
Salvation thro' his Name,
To lost Mankind is given,
And loud his infant Cries proclaim
A Peace 'twixt Earth and Heaven.

A Peace on Earth he brings,
Which never more shall end ;
The Lord of Hosts, the King of Kings,
Declares himself our Friend ;
Assumes our Flesh and Blood,
That we his Sp'rit may gain,
The everlasting Son of God,
The mortal Son of Man.

O may we all receive
The new-born Prince of Peace,
And meekly in his Spirit live,
And in his Love increase !
'Till he conveys us Home,
Cry ev'ry Soul aloud,
Come, thou Desire of Nations, come,
And take us all to God.

H Y M N XXXIV.

The Circumcision of CHRIST,
SEE, my Soul, with Wonder see
The incarnate Deity ;

Human Nature he assumes,
He to ransom Sinners comes,
He was not conceiv'd in Sin,
He was infinitely clean :
Him no sinful spot disguis'd,
Yet, lo ! he was circumcis'd.

He fulfill'd all Righteousness,
Standing in our legal Piace,
From the Cradle to the Cross,
All he did he did for us.
He did all our Woes retrieve,
He expir'd that we might live ;
By his Stripes our Wounds are heal'd,
By his Blood our Peace is feal'd.

Jesu's Pain procures our Ease,
Jesu's Death is our Release :
Jesu's Cross obtain's our Crown,
Jesu's Sepulchre our Throne.
Lord, conform us to thy Death ;
Bid our Sins yield up their Breath ;
By thy Resurrection's Pow'r,
Make our Souls to Glory soar.

Circumcise our filthy Hearts,
Purify our inward Parts ;
Lord, destroy the carnal Mind,
That in thee we Peace may find ;
In thy Righteousness array'd,
Let us triumph, and be glad ;
Let us walk with thee in White,
'Till we see thy Face in Light.

H Y M N XXXV.

CHRIST's Compassion for the Tempted,

WITH Joy we meditate the Grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His Heart is made of Tenderness,
His Bowels melt with Love.

Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
He knows our feeble Frame ;
He knows what sore Temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

He in the Days of feeble Flesh,
Pour'd out his Cries and Tears,
And in his Measure feels afresh,
What ev'ry Member bears.

He'll never quench the smoaking Flax,
But raise it to a Flame ;
The bruised Reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest Name.

Then, let our humble Faith address
His Mercy, and his Pow'r ;
We shall obtain delivering Grace
In the distressing Hour.

H Y M N XXXVI.

CHRIST's Passion.

YE that pass by, behold the Man,
The Man of Grief condemn'd for you,
The Lamb of God for Sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

His sacred Limbs they stretch, they tear,
With Nails they fasten to the Wood—
His sacred Limbs—expos'd and bare,
Or only cover'd with his Blood.

See there ! his Temples crown'd with Thorns,
His bleeding Hands extended wide,
His streaming Feet transfixt and torn,
The Fountain gushing from his Side.

Oh, thou dear suff'ring Son of God,
How doth thy Heart to Sinners move !
Help us to catch thy precious Blood,
Help us to taste thy dying Love.

The Earth could to her Center quake,
Convuls'd while her Creator dy'd !
O may our inmost Nature shake,
And bow with Jesus crucify'd !

At thy last Gasp, the Graves display'd
Their Horrors to the upper Skies ;
O that our Souls might burst the Shade,
And, quicken'd by thy Death, arise !

The Rocks could feel thy pow'rful Death,
And tremble, and asunder part ;
O rend with thy expiring Breath
The harder Marble of each Heart !

H Y M N XXXVII.

CHRIST's Sufferings and Glory.

NOW for a Tune of lofty Praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son ;

Awake my Voice in heav'nly Lays,
Tell the loud Wonders he hath done.

Down to this base, this sinful Earth,
He came to raise our Nature high :
He came t'atone Almighty Wrath,
Jesus the God was born to die.

Deep in the Shades of gloomy Death,
Th' Almighty Captive Pris'ner lay ;
Th' Almighty Captive left the Earth,
And rose to everlasting Day.

Lift up your Eyes, ye Sons of Light,
Up to his Throne of shining Grace :
See what immortal Glories sit
Round the sweet Beauties of his Face.

Amongst a thousand Harps and Songs,
Jesus the God exalted reigns ;
O may his Praise fill all our Tongues,
And echo to the heav'nly Plains.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

The Same.

WHAT equal Honour shall we bring,
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb?
Since all the Notes that Angels sing
Are far inferior to thy Name!

Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd ;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's Side.

Pow'r and Dominion are his Due,
 Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's Bar ;
 Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
 Tho' he was charg'd with Madness here.

Honour immortal must be paid,
 Instead of Scandal, and of Scorn ;
 While Glory shines around his Head,
 And a bright Crown without a Thorn.

Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
 Who bore our Sins, and Curse, and Pain ;
 Let Angels sound his sacred Name,
 And every Creature say, Amen !

H Y M N XXXIX.

CHRIST's Resurrection.

JESUS, who dy'd a World to save,
 Revives and rises from the Grave,
 By his Almighty Pow'r ;
 From Sin, and Death, and Hell set free,
 He Captive leads Captivity,
 And lives to die no more.

Children of God, look up and see
 Your Saviour cloath'd with Majesty,
 Triumphant o'er the Tomb :
 Give o'er your Griefs, cast off your Fears,
 In Heav'n your Mansions he prepares,
 And soon will take you Home.

His Church is still his Joy and Crown,
 He looks with Love and Pity down,
 On her he did Redeem ;

He tastes her Joys, he feels her Woes,
And prays that she may spoil her Foes,
And ever reign with him.

O may we all from Sin awake,
May all in Heav'n our Places take,
Near our exalted Head !
May all our Souls to Heav'n aspire,
In Thought, in Will, in strong Desire,
To carnal Pleasures dead.

HYMN XL.

The Same.

THE Sun of Righteousness appears,
To set in Blood no more :
Adore the Scatterer of your Fears,
Your rising God adore.

The Saints, when he resign'd his Breath,
Unclos'd their sleeping Eyes :
He breaks again the Bands of Death,
Again the Dead arise !

Alone the dreadful Race he ran,
Alone the Wine-press trod :
He dy'd and suffer'd as a Man,
He rises as a God.

In vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,
Forbid an early Rise
To him who breaks the Gates of Hell,
And opens Paradise.

H Y M N XLI.

C H R I S T ' s Ascension.

CLAP your Hands, ye People all,
 Praise the God on whom ye call ;
 Lift your Voice, and shout his Praise,
 Triumph in his sovereign Grace.

Jesus is gone up on high,
 Takes his Seat above the Sky ;
 Shout the Angel-Choirs aloud,
 Echoing to the Trump of God !

Sons of Men, the Triumph join,
 Praise him with the Hosts divine ;
 Emulate the heav'nly Pow'rs,
 Their victorious Lord is ours.

Shout the God enthron'd above,
 Trumpet forth his conqu'ring Love ;
 Praises to our Jesus sing,
 Praises to our glorious King !

Pow'r is all to Jesus giv'n,
 Pow'r o'er Hell, and Earth, and Heav'n ;
 Jesus, Power to us impart,
 Then we'll praise with all our Heart.

H Y M N XLII.

The Same.

H OSANNA to the Prince of Light,
 That cloath'd himself in Clay,
 Enter'd the Iron Gates of Death,
 And tore the Bars away !

Death is no more the King of Dread,
Since our Immanuel rose ;
He took the Tyrant's Sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish Foes.

See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With Scars of Honour in his Flesh,
And Triumph in his Eyes.

There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters Blessings down ;
Our Jesus fills the middle Seat
Of the celestial Throne.

Raise your Devotion, mortal Tongues,
To reach his bless'd Abode,
Sweet be the Accents of our Songs
To our incarnate God.

Bright Angels strike their loudest Strings,
Your sweetest Voices raise ;
Let Heav'n, and all created Things,
Sound our Immanuel's Praise.

H Y M N XLIII.

The Same.

HAIL the Day that sees him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful Eyes ;
Christ a-while to Mortals giv'n,
Re-ascends his native Heav'n,
There the pompous Triumph waits,
“ Lift your Heads, eternal Gates !
“ Wide unfold the radiant Scene,
“ Take the King of Glory in.”

Circl'd round with Angel-Pow'rs,
 Their triumphant Lord and ours,
 Conqu'ror o'er Death, Hell, and Sin,
 Take the King of Glory in.
 Him though highest Heav'n receives,
 Still he loves the Earth he leaves ;
 Though returning to his Throne,
 Still he calls Mankind his own.

See, he lifts his Hands above ;
 See, he shews the Prints of Love ;
 Hark ! his gracious Lips bestow
 Blessings on his Church below ;
 Still for us he intercedes,
 Prevalent his Death he pleads ;
 Next himself prepares our Place,
 Harbinger of human Race.

Master (may we ever say)
 Taken from our Head to-day,
 See thy faithful Servants see !
 Ever gazing up to thee !
 Grant, though parted from our Sight,
 High above yon azure Height,
 Grant our Hearts may thither rise,
 Seeking thee beyond the Skies.

Ever upward may we move,
 Wafted on the Wings of Love ;
 Looking when our Lord shall come,
 Longing, gasping after Home !
 There may we with thee remain,
 Partners of thine endless Reign ;
 There thy Face unclouded see,
 Find our Heav'n of Heav'ns in thee !

H Y M N XLIV.

C H R I S T 's Intercession.

WELL ! the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming Throne
With his atoning Blood.

No fiery Vengeance now,
No burning Wrath comes down ;
If Justice calls for Sinners Blood,
The Saviour shews his own.

Before his Father's Eye,
Our humble suit he moves ;
The Father lays his Thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

Now may our joyful Tongues
Our Maker's Honours sing :
Jesus the Priest receives our Songs,
And bears 'em to the King.

H Y M N XLV.

The Same.

LIFT up your Eyes to th' heavenly Seats,
Where your Redeemer stays ;
Kind Intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

'Twas well, my Soul, he dy'd for thee,
And shed his vital Blood :
Appeas'd stern Justice on the Tree,
And then arose to God.

Petitions now, and Praise may rise,
And Saints their Off'rings bring;
The Priest with his own Sacrifice
Presents them to the King.

Ten thousand Praises to the King,
Hosanna in the high'ſt!
Ten thousand Thanks our Spirits bring
To God, and to his Christ.

H Y M N XLVI.

Praising CHRIST.

A WAKE, and sing the Song
Of Moses, and the Lamb;
Wake ev'ry Heart, and ev'ry Tongue,
To praise the Saviour's Name.

Sing of his dying Love,
Sing of his rising Pow'r,
Sing how he interceeds above
For those whose Sins he bore.

Sing 'till we feel our Hearts
Ascending with our Tongues,
Sing 'till the Love of Sin departs,
And Grace inspires our Songs.

Sing 'till we hear Christ say,
" Your Sins are all forgiv'n."
Sing on rejoicing ev'ry Day,
'Till we all meet in Heav'n.

H Y M N XVLII.

The Same.

COME, my Brethren, Isr'el's Race,
 And hear me bless my King ;
 Hear me my Beloved praise,
 My Jesus do I sing :
 Neither hear my Song alone,
 But help, O help me, to proclaim
 Jesus, our Creator's Son ;
 Jesus that lovely Name.

Others sing their Time away,
 Who Jesus never knew :
 Ought not we to pass our Day
 In Joy and Singing too ?
 Others have they Cause to bless ?
 The Children of the King have more :
 They have Christ, their Righteousness !
 Their Glory, Peace and Pow'r.

Bow thy Throne, thou Son of God !
 And with a living Coal
 From the Altar, stain'd with Blood,
 Inspire each drowsy Soul.
 Slaughter'd Lamb, who, who can shew,
 Or fully who can sing thy Praise ?
 Lord, we fail in Hymns below,
 Teach ! teach us heav'nly Lays.

H Y M N XLVIII.

CHRIST worshipped by all his Creatures.

COME, let us join our cheerful Songs
 With Angels round the Throne :

Ten thousand thousands are their Tongues,
But all their Joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus ;
Worthy the Lamb, our Lips reply,
For he was slain for us !

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and Pow'r divine ;
And Blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

The whole Creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

H Y M N XLIX.

The Same.

SURE thy Name is Wonderful
Counsellor, the mighty God,
Who the heav'nly Hosts adore,
Praise we thro' the Earth abroad.

Thou the Godhead bearing down,
To the Sight of mortal Man,
Flesh in Form, and God in Pow'r,
Suited art to all thy Plan.]

Center'd in thy lovely Face,
Judgment, Mercy, both appear,
All the Father's Honour meet,
All his Glory triumphs here.

Wonderfully form'd to raise,
Adam's fallen, helpless Race,
Form'd to purchase, and secure,
For thy People, boundless Grace.

Thou that Prophet art and King,
Thou the Priest foretold to rise :
Thou the Sacrificer art,
Thou too art the Sacrifice.

Lamb of God, that once was slain,
Bleeding on the painful Tree,
Risen and ascended high,
We adore thy Majesty.

Wonderful art thou in Pow'r,
Wonderful art thou in Love ;
Be thou all our Theme below,
Be thou all our Heav'n above !—Hallelujah.

H Y M N L.

The Same.

YE Servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful Name ;
The Name all victorious
Of Jesus extoll ;
His Kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save,
And still he is nigh,
His Presence we have.

The great Congregation
 His Triumph shall sing,
 Ascribing Salvation
 To Jesus our King.

Salvation to God,
 Who sits on the Throne :
 Let all cry aloud,
 And honour the Son.
 Our Jesus's Praises
 The Angels proclaim,
 Fall down on their Faces,
 And worship the Lamb.

Then let us adore,
 And give him his Right,
 All Glory and Pow'r
 And Wisdom and Might :
 All Honour and Blessing,
 With Angels above,
 And Thanks never ceasing,
 And infinite Love.

H Y M N LI.

TE DEUM.

HOW can we adore,
 Or worthily praise
 Thy Goodnes and Pow'r,
 Thou God of all Grace !
 With Honour and Blessing,
 Before thee we fall,
 Most gladly confessing
 Thee Father of all.

The Heav'ns and Earth,
 And Water, and Air,
 To thee owe their Birth,
 Subsist by thy Care ;
 While Angels are singing
 Thy Praises above,
 We Mortals are bringing
 Our Tribute of Love.

Thou, Saviour, art one,
 With God the Supreme,
 His eternal Son,
 And equal with him :
 Invested with Glory,
 On high dost thou sit,
 While Angels adore thee,
 And bow at thy Feet.

How great was thy Love !
 How wond'rous thy Grace !
 Thou cam'st from above
 To save a lost Race :
 And Man to deliver,
 Of Mary wast born,
 That ev'ry Believer
 To God might return.

How soon will thy Seat
 Of Judgment appear !
 Prepare us to meet,
 And welcome Thee there.
 Thy witnessing Spirit
 In us shed abroad,
 And bid us inherit
 The Kingdom of God.

The Father and Son,
And Spirit agree,
To constitute One
Compleat Deity :
Sweet Jesus, thy Merit
Makes our Peace with God,
And by thy good Spirit
Fallen Souls are renew'd.

H Y M N LII.

To the TRINITY.

BEST be the Father, and his Love,
To whose celestial Source we owe
Rivers of endless Joys above,
And Rills of Comfort here below !

Glory to Thee, great Son of God ;
Forth from thy wounded Body rolls
A precious Stream of vital Blood,
Pardon and Life for dying Souls.

We give the sacred Spirit Praise,
Who in our Hearts of Sin and Woe,
Makes living Springs of Grace arise,
And into boundless Glory flow.

Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore,
That Sea of Life and Love unknown,
Without a Bottom or a Shore.

H Y M N LIII.

The Same.

HAIL holy, holy, holy Lord !
 Be endless Praise to thee ;
 Supreme, essential One ador'd,
 In co-eternal Three !

Inthron'd in everlasting State,
 E'er Time its Round began,
 Who join'd in Council to create,
 The Dignity of Man.

All that the Name of Creature owns,
 To Thee in Hymns aspire ;
 May we as Angels on our Thrones
 For ever join the Choir !

Hail holy, holy, holy Lord !
 Be endless Praise to thee ;
 Supreme, essential One ador'd,
 In co-eternal Three !

H Y M N LIV.

The Same.

LET God the Father live
 For ever on our Tongues,
 Sinners from his free Love derive
 The Ground of all their Songs.

Ye Saints employ your Breath,
 In Honour to the Son ;
 Who bought your Souls from Hell and Death,
 By off'ring up his own.

Give to the Spirit Praise,
Of an immortal Strain ;
Whose Light, and Pow'r, and Grace conveys
Salvation down to Men.

While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardon'd Sin,
O may the Blood and Water bear
The same Record within !

To the great One and Three,
That seal the Grace in Heav'n,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal Glory giv'n.

H Y M N LV.

The Same.

WE give immortal Praise
To God the Father's Love ;
For all our Comforts here,
And better Hopes above.

He sent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for Sins
That Man had done.

To God the Son belongs
Immortal Glory too,
Who bought us with his Blood,
From everlasting Woe.

And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the Fruit
Of all his Pains.

To God the Spirit's Name,
Immortal Worship give :
Whose new creating Pow'r
Makes the dead Sinner live.

His Work compleats
The great Design,
And fills the Soul
With Joy divine.

Almighty God to thee
Be endless Honours done ;
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One !

Where Reason fails
With all her Pow'rs,
There Faith prevails
And Love adores.

H Y M N LVI.

The Same.

TO him that chose us first,
Before the World began :
To him that bore the Curse
To save rebellious Man ;
To him that form'd
Our Hearts anew,
Is endless Praise
And Glory due.

The Father's Love shall run
Thro' our immortal Songs !
We bring to God, the Son,
Hosannas on our Tongues.

Our Lips address
The Spirit's Name,
With equal Praise
And Zeal the same.

Let ev'ry Saint above,
And Angel round the Throne,
For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One !

Thus Heav'n shall raise
His Honours high,
When Earth and Time
Grow old and die.

H Y M N LVI.

Angels praise the L O R D.

THE Lord, the sovereign King,
Hath fix'd his Throne on high,
O'er all the heav'ly World he rules,
And all beneath the Sky.

Ye Angels great in Might,
And swift to do his Will,
Bles ye the Lord, whose Voice ye hear,
Whose Pleasure ye fulfil.

Let the bright Hosts who wait
The Orders of their King,
And guard his Churches when they pray,
Join in the Praise they sing.

While all his wond'rous Works
Thro' his vast Kingdoms shew
Their Maker's Glory, thou, my Soul,
Shall sing his Graces too.

H Y M N LVI.

The Brazen Serpent.

WITH fiery Serpents greatly pain'd,
When Isr'el's mourning Tribes com-
(plain'd,

And sigh'd to be reliev'd,
 A Serpent strait the Prophet made,
 Of molten Brass to View display'd,
 The Patients look'd and liv'd.

But, Oh, what Healing to the Heart,
 Does Jesu's greater Cross impart,
 To those who seek a Cure !
 Isr'el of old, and we no less,
 The same indulgent Grace confess,
 Whilst Life and Breath endure.

To Reafon's View, so strange Effect,
 Self-righteous Souls will still reject,
 And perish in their Pride !
 Not so the Stung with Sin and Law,
 These all their rich Salvation draw,
 From Jesu's bleeding Side.

May we then view the matchless Cross,
 And other Objects count but Loss,
 No other Gain explore ;
 Here still be fix'd our feasted Eyes,
 Teaming with Tears of glad Surprize,
 And thankfully adore !

Hail great Immanuel, balmy Name !
 Thy Praise the Ransom'd will proclaim,
 Thee we Physician call ;
 We own no other Cure but thine,
 Thou the Deliverer divine,
 Our Health, our Life, our All.

H Y M N LIX.

God made Man.

O Lord our God, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted Name !
The Glories of thy heav'nly State,
Let Men and Babes proclaim.

When we behold thy Work on high,
The Moon that rules the Night,
And Stars that well adorn the Sky,
Those moving Worlds of Light.

Lord, what is Man, or all his Race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou should'st visit him with Grace,
And love his Nature so !

That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal Form,
Made lower than his Angels are,
To save a dying Worm !

Jesus, our Lord, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted Name !
The Glories of thy heav'nly State,
Let the whole Earth proclaim.

H Y M N LX.

Faith in CHRIST.

HOW sad our State by Nature is,
Our Sin how deep it's stains ;
And Satan binds our captive Souls
Fast in his slavish Chains.

But there's a Voice of Sov'reign Grace,
 Sounds from God's sacred Word :
 Ho ! ye despairing Sinners come,
 And trust upon the Lord.

O may we hear th' Almighty Call,
 And run to this Relief !
 We would believe thy Promise, Lord,
 O help our Unbelief !

To the blest Fountain of thy Blood,
 Teach us, O Lord, to fly :
 There may we wash our spotted Souls.
 From Crimes of deepest dye !

Stretch out thy Arm victorious King,
 Our reigning Sins subdue ;
 Drive the old Dragon from his Seat,
 With his infernal Crew..

Poor, guilty, weak and helpless Worms,
 Into thy Hands we fall ;
 Be thou our Strength and Righteousness,
 Our Jesus, and our All !

H Y M N LXI.

Thanksgiving.

MEET and right it is to sing
 Glory to our God and King ;
 Meet in ev'ry Time and Place,
 To rehearse his solemn Praise.

Join, ye Saints, the Song around,
 Angels help the cheerful Sound ;

Publish thro' the World abroad,
Glory to th' eternal God.

Praises here to thee we give,
Gracious thou our Thanks receive;
Holy Father, sov'reign Lord,
Ev'ry where be thou ador'd.

Tho' th' injurious World exclaim,
Sing we still in Jesu's Name:
Saviour, thee we ever bless,
Thee our Lord and God confess.

H Y M N LXII.

Therefore with Angels, &c.

LORD and God of heav'nly Pow'rs,
Theirs—yet oh benignly ours;
Glorious King, let Earth proclaim,
Worms attempt to chaunt thy Name.

Thee to laud in Songs divine,
Angels and Archangels join;
We with them our Voices raise,
Echoing thy eternal Praise.

Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live by Heaven and Earth ador'd;
Full of thee, they ever cry,
Glory be to God most high !

H Y M N LXIII.

Glory be to God on high, &c.

GLORY be to God on high,
God whose Glory fills the Sky;

Peace on Earth to Man forgiv'n,
Man, the well-belov'd of Heav'n.

Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King,
Thee we now presume to sing ;
Glad thine Attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.

Hail by all thy Works ador'd,
Hail the everlasting Lord !
Thee with thankful Hearts we prove,
Lord of Pow'r, and God of Love.

Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ the Father's only Son,
Lamb of God for Sinners slain,
Saviour of offending Man.

Pow'rful Advocate with God,
Justify us by thy Blood ;
Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow,
Hear the World's Atonement thou !

Hear ; for thou, O Christ, alone ;
With thy gracious Sire, art one,
One the Holy Ghost, with thee,
One supreme eternal Three.

H Y M N LXIV.

It is finished.

TIS finish'd, the Redeemer said,
And meekly bow'd his dying Head ;
Whilst we this Sentence scan :
Come, Sinners, and observe the Word,
Behold the Conquests of our Lord,
Compleat for helpless Man.

Finish'd the Righteousness of Grace,
Finish'd for Sinners pard'ning Peace ;
Their mighty Debt is paid ;
Accusing Law, cancell'd by Blood,
And Wrath of an offended God,
In sweet Oblivion laid.

Who now shall urge a second Claim ?
The Law no longer can condemn,
Faith a Release can shew :
Justice itself a Friend appears,
The prison-house a Whisper hears,
Loose him, and let him go.

O Unbelief, injurious Bar !
Source of tormenting fruitless Fear,
Why dost thou yet reply ?
Where'er thy loud Objections fall,
'Tis finish'd, still may answer all,
And silence ev'ry Cry.

His Toil, divinely finish'd stands,
But ah ! the Praise his Word demands ;
Careful may we attend !
Conclusion to our Souls be this,
Because Salvation finish'd is,
Our Thanks shall never end.

H Y M N LXV.

Adoption.

BEHOLD what wond'rous Grace,
The Father hath bestow'd
On Sinners of a mortal Race,
To call them Sons of God.

Nor doth it yet appear,
 How great they will be made ;
 But when they see their Saviour here,
 Saints shall be like their Head.

A Hope so much divine,
 May Trials well endure ;
 May purge their Souls from Sense and Sin,
 As Christ the Lord is pure.

O Lord if in thy Love
 We share a filial Part,
 Send down thy Spirit, like a Dove,
 To rest upon each Heart.

Suffer us not to lie
 Like Slaves before thy Throne ;
 Let each now, Abba, Father, cry,
 And thou the Kindred own.

H Y M N LXVI.

Enjoyment of C H R I S T.

LORD, what a Heav'n of saving Grace !
 Shines thro' the Beauties of the Face,
 O light our Passions to a Flame !
 Then shall we love thy charming Name.

Then will a Scene of sacred Joy,
 Our raptur'd Eyes and Souls employ ;
 Then shall we long to gaze away,
 A long and everlasting Day.

Send Comforts, Lord, from thy Right Hand,
 While we pass thro' this barren Land ;

And in thy Temple let us see
A Glimpse of Love, a Glimpse of thee.

H Y M N LXVII.

Glory and Grace in the Person of CHRIST.

NOW to the Lord, a noble Song ;
Awake my Soul, awake my Tongue,
Hosanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundless Love proclaim !

See where it shines in Jesu's Face !
The brightest Image of his Grace ;
God in the Person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest Works out-done.

Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming Theme !
Exult, my Soul, at Jesu's Name !
Ye Angels dwell upon the Sound :
Ye Heav'ns, reflect it to the Ground !

Oh that we all may reach the Place,
Where he unveils his lovely Face,
Where all his Beauties you behold,
And sing his Name to Harps of Gold !

H Y M N LXVIII.

Looking to JESUS.

HOW glorious the Lamb
Is seen on his Throne !
His Labours are o'er.
His Conquests put on ;
A Kingdom is giv'n
Into our Lamb's Hand,

In Earth and in Heav'n,
For ever to stand.

Ye Sinners below
Then trust in the Lord,
Look up to his Arm,
His Honour, his Word :
Athirst for his Favour,
His Godhead adore,
Look up to your Saviour,
And Joy ever more !

H Y M N LXIX.

First and Second Adam.

DEEP in the Dust, before thy Throne,
Our Guilt and our Disgrace we own :
Great God, we own th' unhappy Name,
Whence sprung our Nature, and our Shame.

But whilst our Spirits fill'd with Awe,
Behold the Terrors of thy Law,
We sing the Honours of thy Grace,
That sent to save our ruin'd Race.

We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who join'd our Nature to his own ;
Adam, the second, from the Dust
Raises the Ruins of the first.

Where Sin did reign, and Death abound,
There have the Sons of Adam found
Abounding Life ; there glorious Grace,
Reigns thro' the Lord our Righteousness.

H Y M N LXX.

Salvation.

SALVATION ! O the joyful Sound !
What Pleasure to our Ears ?
A Sov'reign Balm for ev'ry Wound,
A Cordial for our Fears.

Buried in Sorrow, and in Sin,
At Hell's dark Door we lay !
O may we rise by Grace divine,
And see a heav'nly Day !

Salvation ! let the Echo fly
The spacious Earth around,
While all the Armies of the Sky
Conspire to raise the Sound.

H Y M N LXXI.

CHRIST's Victory over Satan.

HOSANNA to our conqu'ring King !
The Prince of Darkness flies ;
His Troops rush headlong down to Hell,
Like Light'ning from the Skies.

There bound in Chains the Lions roar,
And fright the rescu'd Sheep !
But heavy Bars confine their Pow'r
And Malice to the Deep.

Hosanna to our conqu'ring King !
All hail, incarnate Love !
Ten thousand Songs and Glories wait
To crown thy Head above.

Thy Vict'ries, and thy deathly Fame,)
 Thro' the wide World shall run ;
 And everlasting Ages sing
 The Triumphs thou hast won.

H Y M N LXXII.

A blessed GOSPEL.

BLEST are the Souls that hear and know
 The Gospel's joyful Sound,
 Peace shall attend the Path they go,
 And Light their Steps surround.

Their Joy shall bear their Spirits up,
 Thro' their Redeemer's Name ;
 His Righteousness exalts their Hope,
 Nor Satan dares condemn.

The Lord our Glory and Defence,
 Strength and Salvation gives ;
 Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
 Thy God for ever lives.

H Y M N LXXIII.

Before Prayer.

SING to the Lord, Jehovah's Name,
 And in his Strength rejoice :
 When his Salvation is our Theme,
 Exalted be our Voice.

With Thanks approach his awful Sight,
 And Psalms of Honour sing ;
 The Lord's a God of boundless Might,
 The whole Creation's King.

Earth with its Caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious Hand :
He fix'd the Seas what Bounds to keep,
And where the Hills must stand.

Come, and with humble Souls adore,
Come kneel before his Face :
May we the Creatures of his Pow'r
Be Children of his Grace !

H Y M N LXXIV.

The Church is God's House and Care.

PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his Name,
While in his holy Courts we wait,
Ye Saints, that to his House belong,
Or stand attending at his Gate.

Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good,
To praise his Name is sweet employ ;
Isr'el he chose of old, and still
His Church is his peculiar Joy.

Bless ye the Lord, who taste his Love,
People and Priests exalt his Name ;
Amongst his Saints he ever dwells,
His Church is his Jerusalem.

H Y M N LXXV.

Praising God.

GIVE Thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sov'reign King of Kings,
And be his Grace ador'd.

His Pow'r and Grace
Are still the same,
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.

How mighty is his Hand !
What Wonders hath he done !
He form'd the Earth and Seas,
And spread the Heav'ns alone.

Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy Word.

He saw the Nations lie,
All perishing in Sin,
And pity'd the sad State,
The ruin'd World was in.

Thy Mercy Lord,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy Word.

He sent his only Son
To save us from our Woe,
From Satan, Sin, and Death,
And ev'ry hurtful Foe.

His Pow'r and Grace
Are still the same,
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.

H Y M N LXXVI.

The Same.

FROM all that dwell below the Skies,
 Let the Creator's Praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
 Thro' ev'ry Land, by ev'ry Tongue.

Eternal are thy Mercies, Lord,
 Eternal Truth attends thy Word ;
 Thy Praise shall sound from Shore to Shore,
 Till Suns shall rise, and set no more.

H Y M N LXXVII.

Desiring CHRIST's Love to be shed abroad
 in the Heart.

COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
 By Faith, and Love, in ev'ry Breast ;
 Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
 The Joys that cannot be express'd.

Come, fill our Hearts, with inward Strength,
 Make our enlarged Souls possess,
 And learn the Height, and Breadth, and Length,
 Of thine unmeasurable Grace.

Now to the God whose Pow'r can do
 More than our Thoughts or Wishes know,
 Be everlasting Honours done,
 By all the Church, through Christ his Son !

H Y M N LXXVIII.

Salvation by Grace in CHRIST.

NOW to the Pow'r of God supreme,
Be everlasting Honours giv'n;
He saves from Hell (we bless his Name)
He calls lost wand'ring Souls to Heav'n.

Not for our Duties or Deserts,
But of his own abounding Grace,
He works Salvation in our Hearts,
And forms a People for his Praise.

'Twas his own Purpose that begun
To rescue Rebels doom'd to die,
He gave us Grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry Sky.

Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's Councils known;
Declares the great Transactions past,
And brings immortal Blessings down.

H Y M N LXXIX.

Sight of GOD and CHRIST in Heaven.

Descend from Heav'n immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy Wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The Reach of these inferior Things.

O for a Sight, a pleasing Sight !
Of our Almighty Father's Throne !
There sits our Saviour, crown'd with Light,
Cloath'd in a Body like our own.

Adoring Saints around him stand,
And thrones and Pow'rs before him fall,
The God shines gracious thro' the Man,
And sheds sweet Glories on them all.

When shall the Day, dear Lord, appear,
That we shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow among them there,
And view thy Face, and sing thy Love ?

H Y M N LXXX.

Inviting to Praise.

COME, guilty Souls, and flee away,
Like Doves to Jesu's Wounds,
This is the Welcome GOSPEL-DAY,
Wherein free Grace abounds.

God lov'd the World, and gave his Son
To drink the Cup of Wrath :
And Jesus says, he'll cast out none
That come to him by Faith.

H Y'M N LXXXI.

The Same.

PRAISE, ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise
Our Hearts and Voices in his Praise :
His Nature and his Works invite,
To make this Duty our Delight.

Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his Clouds around the Sky ;
There he prepares the fruitful Rain,
Nor lets the Drops descend in vain.

He form'd the Stars, those heav'nly Flames,
He counts their Numbers, calls their Names;
His Wisdom's vast, and knows no Bound,
A Deep where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

He makes the Grass the Hills adorn,
And cloaths the smiling Fields with Corn;
The Beasts with Food his Hands supply,
And the young Ravens when they cry.

But Saints are lovely in his Sight;
He views his Children with Delight;
He sees their Hope, he knows their Fear.
And looks and loves his Image there.

H Y M N LXXXIL.

The Same.

YE Seekers of God, whose diligent Care,
Is ever employ'd in Christ's Blood to share,
With Praises unceasing, your Jesus proclaim,
Rejoicing, and blessing his excellent Name.

'Tis Jesus commands, come all to his House,
And lift up your Hands, and pay him your Vows,
And whilst we are giving our Jesus his Due,
Do, thou, blessed Spirit, our Natures renew!

H Y M N LXXXIII.

Universal Praise.

HARK! dull Soul, how ev'ry Thing
Strives t' adore our bounteous King,
Each a double Tribute pays,
Sings its Part, and then obeys.

Wake, for Shame, my sluggish Heart,
 Wake, and gladly sing thy Part ;
 Learn of Birds, and Springs, and Flow'rs,
 How t' employ thy nobler Pow'rs.

Call whole Nature to thy Aid,
 Since 'twas He whole Nature made,
 Join we in one endless Song,
 Who to one God all belong.

Live for ever, glorious Lord,
 Live by all thy Works ador'd ;
 One in Three, and Three in One,
 All Things bow to thee alone.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

The New Creation.

ATTEND while God's eternal Son,
 Doth his own Glories shew ;
 " Behold, I sit upon my Throne,
 " Creating all Things new.

" Nature and Sin are past away,
 " And the old Adam dies,
 " My Hands a new Foundation lay,
 " See a new World arise !"

Mighty Redeemer, set us free
 From our old State of Sin ;
 O make our Souls alive to thee,
 Create new Pow'rs within.

Renew our Eyes, and form our Ears,
 And mould our Hearts afresh ;
 Give us new Passions, Joys, and Fears,
 And turn the Stone to Flesh,

Far from the Regions of the Dead,
 From Sin and Earth and Hell ;
 In the new World thy Grace hath made,
 May we for ever dwell !

HYMN LXXXV.

Longing for CHRIST.

O Come, thou wounded Lamb of God,
 Come wash us in thy cleansing Blood,
 Hide us within thy Wounds, then Pain
 Is sweet, and Life or Death is Gain.

Take our poor Hearts, and let them be
 For ever clos'd to all but thee :
 Seal thou our Breasts, and let us wear
 That Pledge of Love for ever there.

How blest are those who still abide
 Close shelter'd in thy bleeding Side !
 Who Life and Strength from thence derive,
 And by thee move, and in thee live.

How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
 That thou should'st Man to Glory bring ?
 Make Slaves the Partners of thy Throne,
 Deck'd with a Never-fading Crown !

Ah, Lord ! enlarge our scanty Thought,
 To know the Wonders thou hast wrought ;
 Unloose our stamm'ring Tongue to tell
 Thy Love immense, unsearchable.

First-born of many Brethren thou,
 To thee both Earth and Heav'n must bow,
 Help us to thee our All to give,
 Thine may we die, thine may we live !

H Y M N LXXXVI.

The Same.

O Love divine, how sweet thou art,
 When shall I find my longing Heart
 All taken up by thee ?
 Oh make me pant and thirst to prove,
 The Greatness of redeeming Love,
 The Love of Christ to me.

God only knows the Love of God ;
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In each poor stony Heart !
 For Love I'd sigh, for Love I'd pine,
 This only Portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine this better Part ;

O that we could for ever sit
 With Mary, at the Master's Feet,
 Be this our happy Choice !
 Our only Care, Delight, and Bliss,
 Our Joy, our Heav'n on Earth, be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's Voice.

Thy only Love may we require,
 Nothing on Earth beneath, Desire,
 Nothing in Heav'n above ;
 Let Earth and all its Trifles go,
 Give us, O Lord, thy Love to know,
 Give us thy precious Love.

H Y M N LXXXVII.

Commit thy Way unto the L ORD, &c.

COME, my Soul, before the Lamb,
Fall and do him Rev'rence ;
Bless him for his Blood and Name,
Sing his great Deliv'rance.

Why should Sorrow bow thee down,
Trials or Temptation !
Is not Christ upon the Throne,
Still thy strong Salvation ?

Cast thy Burdens on the L ORD,
Leave them with thy Saviour ;
He (whose Hands for thee were bor'd)
Can and will deliver.

Turn thee to thy Rest, my Soul,
Turn thee and discover
How he yet is Merciful,
Turn thee to thy Lover.

Blush that thou hast him forgot,
Who can happy make thee ;
Gaze upon him who thee bought,
'Till to him he takes thee.

Leave thy earthly Cares behind,
Mind alone thy Saviour ;
Count thou all beside but Wind,
Trample on it ever.

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

The Christian Race.

AWAKE our Souls, away our Fears ;
 Let ev'ry trembling Thought be gone ;
 Awake and run the heav'nly Race,
 And put a chearful Courage on.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny Road,
 And mortal Spirits tire and faint ;
 But we forget the mighty God,
 That feeds the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

O mighty God, thy matchless Pow'r !
 Is ever new and ever young ;
 And firm endures, while endless Years
 Their everlasting Circles run.

From thee, the overflowing Spring,
 Believers drink a fresh Supply,
 While such as trust their native Strength,
 Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an Eag'e cuts the Air,
 Oh may we mount to thine Abode !
 On Wings of Love to Jesus fly,
 Nor tire amidst the heav'nly Road !

H Y M N LXXXIX.

We love him, because he first loved us.

OF him who did Salvation bring,
 Lord, may we ever think and sing !
 Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive ;
 Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.

Eternal Lord, Almighty King,
All Heav'n doth with thy Triumphs ring ;
Thou conquer'st all beneath, above,
Devils with Force, and Men with Love.

To shaine our Sins, Christ blush'd in Blood,
He clos'd his Eyes to shew us God ;
Let all the World fall down and know,
That none but God such Love could show.

H Y M N XC.

Preserving Grace.

To God the only Wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the Saints below the Skies
Their humble Praises bring.

'Tis his Almighty Love,
His Counsel and his Care,
Preserves us safe from Sin and Death
And ev'ry hurtful Snare.

He will present his Saints,
Unblemish'd and compleat,
Before the Glory of his Face,
With Joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen Seed
Shall meet around the Throne,
Shall bless the Conduct of his Grace
And make his Wonders known.

To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom and Pow'r belongs,
Immortal Crowns of Majesty,
And everlasting Songs.

H Y M N XCI.

To J E S U S C H R I S T.

O Thou in whom the Gentiles trust,
Thou only holy, only just,
Oh tune our Souls to praise thy Name,
Jesus ! unchangeable, the same !

If Angels, whilst to thee they sing,
Wrap up their Faces in their Wing,
How shall we sinful Dust draw nigh
The great, the awful Deity ?

Glory to thee, auspicious Lamb !
Thou holy Lord, thou great I Am :
With all our Pow'r, thy Grace we bless,
Our Joy, our Peace, our Righteousness.

Live, ever glorious Jesus ! live,
Worthy all Blessings to receive !
Worthy on high enthron'd to sit
With ev'ry Pow'r beneath thy Feet.

H Y M N XCII.

Unfruitfulness.

LONG have we sat beneath the Sound
Of thy Salvation, Lord,
But still how weak our Faith is found,
And Knowledge of thy Word !

Oft we frequent thy holy Place,
Yet hear almost in vain ;
How small a Portion of thy Grace
Do our false Hearts retain !

Our gracious Saviour and our God,
 How little art thou known,
 By all the Judgements of thy Rod,
 And Blessings of thy Throne ?

How cold and feeble is our Love,
 How negligent our Fear !
 How low our Hope of Joys above,
 How few Affections there !

Great God, thy sovereign Aid impart,
 To give thy Word Success ;
 Write thy Salvation on our Hearts,
 And make us learn thy Grace.

Shew our forgetful Feet the Way
 That leads to Joys on high ;
 Where Knowledge grows without Decay,
 And Love shall never die.

H Y M N XCIII.

The Church, a Garden.

ZION's a Garden wall'd around,
 Chosen and made peculiar Ground,
 A little Spot inclos'd by Grace,
 Out of the World's wide Wilderness.

Like Spicy Trees, Believers stand,
 Planted by an Almighty Hand ;
 And all the Springs in Zion flow,
 To make the rich Plantation grow.

Awake, O heav'ly Wind, and come,
 Blow on this Garden of Perfume ;

H

Spirit divine, descend, and breathe
A gracious Gale on Plants beneath.

Make thou our Spices flow abroad,
A grateful Incense to our God ;
Let Faith, and Love, and Joy appear,
And every Grace be active here.

H Y M N XCI.

Redemption found.

HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and Night they cry to thee.
As thou art, so let us be.

Fix, O fix each wav'ring Mind,
To thy Cross our Spirits bind ;
Earthly Passions far remove,
Swallow up our Souls in Love.

Dust and Ashes tho' we be,
Full of Guilt and Misery ;
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
Take the Purchase of thy Blood.

Boundless Wisdom, Pow'r divine,
Love unspeakable are thine ;
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Sons of Earth and Hosts of Heav'n.

H Y M N XCIV.

Complaining of spiritual Sloth.

OUR drowsy Pow'rs, why sleep ye so ;
Awake each sluggish Soul ;

Nothing has half our Work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

The little Ants for one poor Grain,
Labour, and tug, and strive ;
Yet, we who have a Heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live.

We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our Good,
How careless to secure that Crown
He purchas'd with his Blood !

Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our Parts ?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly Hill,
And fit, and warm our Hearts.

Then shall our active Spirits move,
Upward our Souls shall rise ;
With Hands of Faith, and Wings of Love,
We'll fly and take the Prize.

H Y M N XCVI.

CHRIST's Righteousness imputed to Believers.

HAPPY he who e'er believes,
The Embassy of Peace,
Who at Jesu's Hand receives
The Gift of Righteousness :
God is his Salvation's G'd,
The Lord is his Almighty Sh'd ;
He with Grace shall be endow'd,
And then with Glory fill'd.

Did the Sin of Adam slay,
 And ruin all his Race ?
 Jesus takes our Sins away,
 By suff'ring in our Place :
 He perform'd what God requir'd,
 And answer'd all the Law demands ;
 In his Righteousness attir'd,
 The true Believer stands.

Moses, at a Distance, saw
 The Righteousness divine !
 In the Volume of the Law,
 How clearly doth it shine !
 Holy Men, and Prophets old,
 Beheld from far the bleeding Lamb,
 Of his Righteousness foretold,
 And trusted in the same.

How perversely did the Jews
 His Righteousness discard !
 Shall we then his Love abuse,
 And slight his great Reward !
 Of the Law he is the End,
 And after we have done our best,
 On his Grace we must depend,
 And in his Merits rest

What a Mystery of Love
 In God's Designs appears !
 Jesus coming from above,
 Our Sin and Torment bears :
 God imputes Man's Sins to him ;
 Imputes to Man his Righteousness ;
 Guilty he doth Christ esteem,
 And guiltless us confess.

H Y M N XCVII.

God's Condescension to our Worship.

THY Favours, Lord, surprize our Souls ;
Will the Eternal dwell with us ?
What canst thou find beneath the Poles,
To tempt thy Chariot downward thus ?

Still might he fill his starry Throne,
And please his Ears with Gabriel's Songs :
But th' heav'nly Majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our Tongues.

Great God ! what poor Returns we pay,
For Love so infinite as thine ?
Words are but Air, and Tongues but Clay :
But thy Compassion's all divine.

H Y M N XCVIII.

The Same.

UP to the Lord, that reigns on high,
And views the Nations from afar,
Let everlasting Praises fly,
And tell how large his Bounties are.

He that can shake the Worlds he made,
Or with his Word, or with his Rod,
His Goodness, how amazing great !
And what a condescending God !

Our Sorrows and our Tears we pour
Into the Bosom of our God ;
He hears us in the mournful Hour,
And helps us bear the heavy Load.

Oh ! could our thankful Hearts devise
 A Tribute equal to thy Grace,
 To the third Heav'n our Songs should rise,
 And teach the golden Harps thy Praise.

H Y M N XCIX.

Fervency of Devotion desired.

COME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs,
 Kindle a Flame of sacred Love
 In these cold Hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly Toys ;
 Our Souls how heavily they go
 To reach eternal Joys !

In vain we tune our formal Songs,
 In vain we strive to rise ;
 Hosannas languish on our Tongues,
 And our Devotion dies.

Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying Rate :
 Our Love so faint, so cold to Thee,
 And thine to us so great ?

Come, holy Spirit heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs ;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's Love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

H. Y M N C.

The Same.

TO praise redeeming Love,
Dear Christians, lend a Voice ;
Come thou diviner Dove,
And help us to rejoice !

Our Hearts, too low,
Lord, thou canst raise :
Blest Spirit, blow,
And we shall praise.

Here, Lord, may we admire
The Riches of thy Grace,
'Till thou shalt call us higher,
There to behold thy Face ;
Oh Height of Grace,
Oh Depth of Love,
Lord fit us for
Our Place above.

Who can thy Love express !
Thy Mercy ne'er decays !
What can our Souls do less
Than love thee all our Days ?

Bless God each Soul,
Ev'n unto Death ;
And write a Song,
For ev'ry Breath.

H Y M N . CI.

Praise to God for Creation and Redemption.

LET them neglect thy Glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy Grace ;
But our loud Songs shall still record
The Wonders of thy Praise.

We raise our Shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy Throne ;
All Glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One.

'Twas he (and we'll adore his Name)
That form'd us by a Word ;
Tis he restores our ruin'd Frame,
Salvation to the Lord !

Hosanna ! let the Earth and Skies
Repeat the joyful Sound ;
Rocks, Hills and Vales reflect the Voice
In one eternal Round.

H Y M N . CII.

The Faithfulness of God in the Promises.

Begin, my Tongue, some heav'nly Theme,
And speak some boundless Thing,
The mighty Works, or mightier Name,
Of our eternal King.

Tell of his wond'rous Faithfulness,
And sound his Pow'r abroad,

Sing the sweet Promise of his Grace,
And the performing God.

Proclaim Salvation from the Lord,
For wretched dying Men ;
His Hand hath writ the sacred Word
With an immortal Pen.

Engrav'd as in eternal Brafs,
The mighty Promise shines ;
Nor can the Pow'rs of Darkness raze
Those everlasting Lines.

O might I hear thine heav'nly Tongue !
But whisper, Thou art mine !
Those gentle Words should raise my Song
To Notes almost divine.

How would our leaping Hearts rejoice,
And think our Heav'n secure !
Give us to hear thy gracious Voice,
And Faith desires no more.

H Y M N CIII.

Resurrection of CHRIST.

Bless'd Morning, whose young dawning
Beheld our rising God : (Rays,
That saw him triumph o'er the Dust,
And leave his last Abode !

In the cold Prison of a Tomb,
The dead Redeemer lay,
'Till the revolving Skies had brought
The third, th' appointed Day.

Hell and the Grave unite their Force,
 To hold our God in vain ;
 The sleeping Conqu'ror arose,
 And burst their feeble Chain.

To thy great Name, Almighty Lord,
 These sacred Hours we pay,
 And loud Hosannas shall proclaim
 The Triumph of the Day.

Salvation and immortal Praise,
 To our victorious King,
 Let Heav'n and Earth, and Rocks and Seas,
 With glad Hosannas ring.

H Y M N CIV.

Praise to the Redeemer.

P lung'd in a Gulph of dark Despair,
 We wretched Sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful Beam of Hope,
 Or Spark of glimm'ring Day.

With pitying Eyes, the Prince of Grace
 Beheld our helpless Grief ;
 He saw, and (O amazing Love !)
 He ran to our Relief.

Down from the shining Seats above,
 With joyful Haste he fled,
 Enter'd the Grave in mortal Flesh,
 And dwelt among the Dead.

Oh ! for this Love, let Rocks and Hills
 Their lasting Silence break.

And all harmonious human Tongues
The Saviour's Praises speak.

Angels assist our mighty Joys,
Strike all your Harps of Gold ;
But when you raise your highest Notes
His Love can ne'er be told.

H Y M N . C V.

Passion and Exaltation of CHRIST.

COME, all harmonious Tongues,
Your noblest Music bring ;
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
And Christ the Man, we sing.

Tell how he took our Flesh,
To take away our Guilt !
Sing the dear Drops of sacred Blood,
That hellish Monsters spilt.

Down to the Shades of Death
He bow'd his awful Head :
Yet he arose to live and reign,
When Death itself is dead.

No more the bloody Spear,
The Cross and Nails no more ;
For Hell itself shakes at his Name,
And all the Heav'ns adore.

There the Redeemer sits,
High on his Father's Throne ;
The Father lays his Veng'ance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

H Y M N C VI.

The Glory of CHRIST in Heaven.

O H the Delights, the heav'nly Joys,
The Glories of the Place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest Beams,
Of his o'erflowing Grace !

Sweet Majesty and awful Love,
Sit smiling on his Brow,
And all the glorious Ranks above
At humble Distance bow.

His Head, the dear majestic Head,
That cruel Thorns did wound,
See what immortal Glories shine,
And circle it around !

This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we, unseen, adore,
But when our Eyes behold his Face,
Our Hearts shall love him more.

Lord, set our Spirits all on Fire
To see thy bleſſ'd Abode ;
And tune our Tongues to sing the Praise
Of our incarnate God !

H Y M N C VII.

Look on Him whom they pierced, and
mourn.

I Nfinite Grief ! amazing Woe !
Behold our bleeding Lord ;
Hell and the Jews conspir'd his Death,
And us'd the Roman Sword.

Oh the sharp Pangs of smarting Pain,
 Our dear Redeemer bore,
 When knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns,
 His sacred Body tore !

But knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns,
 In vain do we accuse ;
 In vain we blame the Roman Bands,
 And the more spightful Jews.

'Twere you, our Sins, our cruel Sins,
 His chief Tormentors were ;
 Each of our Crimes became a Nail,
 And Unbelief the Spear.

'Twere you that pull'd the Veng'ance down
 Upon his guiltless Head ;
 Break, break our Hearts, oh burst these Eyes
 And let our Sorrow bleed.

Strike, mighty Grace, each flinty Soul,
 'Till melting Waters flow,
 And deep Repentance drown our Eyes
 In undissembled Woe.

H Y M N C V L I I .

The Same.

A LAS ! and did our Saviour bleed ?
 And did our Sov'reign die ?
 Would he devote that sacred Head
 For such a Worm as I ?

Was it for Crimes that I had done,
 He groan'd upon the Tree !
 Amazing Pity ! Grace unknown,
 And Love beyond Degree.

Well might the Sun in Darkness hide,
And shut his Glories in,
When God the mighty Maker dy'd,
For Man, the Creature's Sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing Face,
While his dear Cross appears ;
Dissolve my Heart in Thankfulness,
And melt my Eyes to Tears.

But Drops of Grief can ne'er repay
The Debt of Love I owe ;
May I here give myself away !
'Tis all that I can do.

H Y M N CIX.

'The Same.

IS there a Thing beneath the Sky,
Can Comfort bring, or satisfy,
But our dear Saviour's Wounds ?
Here is a sweet and constant Peace,
A Treasure full of richest Grace,
All else are empty Sounds.

Attend, my Soul, sink down with Shame
Before his Face, who only came
To suffer, bleed and die ;
O think upon thy Sin and Guilt,
For which his precious Blood was spilt,
Thou didst him crucify.

See, thou vile Piece of sinful Dust,
Thy dearest Lord sweat for thy Lust,
'Till Drops of Blood fall down !
See how he yonder prostrate lies !
Observe his mournful Pray'r and Cries,
Mark every Tear and Groan.

See thy dear Lord dragg'd like a Thief,
 Amidst Contempt, and Stripes and Grief,
 For thee a Sacrifice ;
 Fasten'd unto the shameful Wood,
 Despis'd by Men, and bath'd in Blood ;
 So dear thy Ransom Price !

Lord, didst thou suffer thus for me ?
 Didst thou feel all this Misery
 To give me Life and Peace ?
 Then let me bear it on my Heart,
 My all is purchas'd with thy Smart,
 Thy Blood signs my Release..

H Y M N. CX.

Distinguishing Love, or Angels punished,
 and Man saved.

DOWN headlong from the native Skies,
 The Rebel-Angels fell !
 And Thunder-Bolts of flaming Wrath
 Pursu'd them deep to Hell.

Down from the Top of earthly Bliss
 Rebellious Man was hurl'd ;
 And Jesus stoop'd beneath the Grave
 To save a sinking World.

O Love of infinite Degree !
 Unmeasurable Grace !
 Must Heav'n's eternal Darling die,
 To save a trait'rous Race ?

Must Angels sink for ever down,
 And burn in quenchless Fire :
 While God forsakes his shining Throne
 To raise us Wretches higher ?

Oh for this Love, let Earth and Skies
 With Hallelujahs ring,
 And the full Choir of human Tongues
 All Hallelujahs sing !

H Y M N C X I.

C H R I S T ' s Commission.

C O M E, happy Souls, approach your God,
 With new melodious Songs ;
 Come, render to Almighty Grace
 The Tributes of your Tongues.

So strange, so boundless was the Love
 That pity'd dying Men,
 The Father sent his equal Son,
 To give them Life again.

Thy Hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
 With a revenging Rod ;
 No hard Commission to perform
 The Vengeance of a God.

But all was Mercy, all was mild,
 And Wrath forsook the Throne,
 When Christ on the kind Errand came,
 And brought Salvation down.

Here, Sinners, you may heal your Wounds,
 And wipe your Sorrows dry ;
 Trust in the mighty Saviour's Name,
 And you shall never die.

O dearest Lord, melt down our Souls
 To accept thine offer'd Grace ;
 Then will we bless the Saviour's Love,
 And give the Father Praise.

HYMN CXII.

The Same.

RAISE your triumphant Songs
To an immortal Tune ;
Let the wide Earth resound the Deeds
Celestial Grace has done.

Sing how eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched Race
From their Abyss of Woes.

His Hand no Thunder bears,
No Terror cloaths his Brow ;
No Bolts to drive our guilty Souls
To fiercer Flames below.

'Twas Mercy fill'd the Throne,
And Wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with Pardons down
To Rebels doom'd to die.

Now, Sinners, dry your Tears,
Let hopeless Sorrows cease :
Bow to the Scepter of his Love,
And take the offer'd Peace.

Lord, we obey the Call ;
We lay an humble claim
To the Salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy Name.

H Y M N CXIII.

Behold I stand at the Door and knock, &c.

WE magnify thy Grace, O Lord ;
How plenteously hast thou prepar'd
A Supper for thy Saints !
All things are ready, thou hast said,
A Table thou hast richly spread,
To answer all our Wants.

Now, Lord, allure our Souls to Thee,
O kindly bid us come and see,
And taste how Good thou art ;
Knock with the Hammer of thy Word,
Knock by thy pow'rful Spirit, Lord,
Lord break into each Heart.

Darkness and Unbelief remove,
And ravish all our Souls with Love,
Cast out the Pow'r of Sin :
Jesus, attend our feeble Pray'r,
And for thyself our Hearts prepare,
Come in, our Lord, come in.

Let Comfort, Love, and Joy, and Peace,
Like Rivers flow, and still increase,
Unto the Ocean driv'n ;
Lord, condescend to sup with me,
And grant I now may sup with thee,
And sup at last in Heav'n.

H Y M N CXIV.

Repentance flowing from the Patience of
GOD.

AND are we Wretches yet alive ?
And do we yet rebel ?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing Love.
That bears us up from Hell.

The Burden of our weighty Guilt
Would sink us down to Flames,
And threat'ning Vengeance rolls above,
To crush our feeble Frames.

Almighty Goodness, cries, Forbear,
And strait the Thunder stays :
And dare we now provoke his Wrath,
And weary out his Grace !

Lord, we have long abus'd thy Love,
Too long indulg'd our Sin :
O that our Hearts may bleed to see
What Rebels we have been !

No more our Lusts, may ye command,
No more may we obey !
Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring Hand,
And drive thy Foes away.

H Y M N CXV.

Access to the Throne of Grace by a
Mediator.

COME let us lift our joyful Eyes
Up to the Courts above,

And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a Throne of Love.

Once 'twas a Seat of dreadful Wrath,
And shot devouring Flame ;
Our God appear'd consuming Fire,
And Vengeance was his Name.

Rich were the Drops of Jesu's Blood,
That calm'd his frowning Face,
That sprinkl'd o'er the burning Throne,
And turn'd the Wrath to Grace..

Now we may bow before his Feet,
And venture near the Lord !
No fiery Cherub guards his Seat,
Nor double-flaming Sword.

The peaceful Gates of heavenly Bliss
Are open'd by the Son :
High let us raise our Notes of Praise,
And reach th' Almighty Throne,

To thee ten thousand Thanks we bring
Great Advocate on high ;
And Glory to th' eternal King,
That lays his Fury by.

H Y M N CXVI.

The Darkness of PROVIDENCE.

LORD, we adore thy vast Designs,
Th' obscure Abyss of Providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal Lines,
Too dark to view with feeble Sense.

Now thou array'st thine awful Face,
In angry Frowns without a Smile ;
Saints thro' the Cloud believe thy Grace,
Secure of thy Compassion still.

Thro' Seas and Storms of deep Distress,
They sail by Faith, and not by Sight ;
Faith guides them in the Wilderness,
Thro' all the Briars of the Night.

Dear Father, if thy lifted Rod,
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God,
Thine Arm shall bear us safely thro'.

H Y M N CXVII.

The Priesthood of CHRIST.

BLOOD has a Voice to pierce the Skies,
Revenge, the Blood of Abel cries ;
But the dear Stream when Christ was slain,
Speaks Peace as loud from ev'ry Vein.

Pardon and Peace from God on high ;
Behold he lays his Vengeance by ;
And Rebels that deserve his Sword,
Become the Fav'rites of the Lord.

To Jesus let our Praises rise,
Who gave his Life a Sacrifice ;
Now he appears before our God,
And for our Pardon pleads his Blood.

H Y M N CXVIII.

The Benefit of Public Ordinances.

A WAY from ev'ry mortal Care,
Away from Earth our Souls retreat ;
We leave this worthless World afar,
And wait, and worship near thy Seat.

Lord, in the Temple of thy Grace,
We see thy Feet, and we adore ;
We gaze upon thy lovely Face,
And learn the Wonders of thy Pow'r.

While here our various Wants we mourn,
United Groans ascend on high ;
And Prayer bears a quick Return
Of Blessings in Variety.

Father, our Souls would still abide,
Within thy Temple, near thy Side :
But if our Feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy Dwelling in each Heart.

H Y M N CXIX.

Humiliation.

LORD, we are vile, conceiv'd in Sin,
And born unholv and unclean :
Sprung from the Man whose guilty Fall
Corrupts the Race, and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our Infant-Breath,
The Seeds of Sin grow up for Death ;
Thy Law demands a perfect Heart,
But we're defil'd in ev'ry Part.

Behold, we fall before thy Face,
 Our only Refuge is thy Grace ;
 No outward Forms can make us clean,
 The Leprosy lies deep within.

Jesus, our God, thy Blood alone,
 Hath Pow'r sufficient to atone ;
 Lord, let us hear thy pard'ning Voice,
 And make our down-cast Hearts rejoice.

H Y M N CXX

The Offices of CHRIST.

WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
 That comes with Truth and Grace ;
 Jesus, thy Spirit and thy Word,
 Shall lead us in thy Ways.

We rev'rence our High Priest above,
 Who offer'd up his Blood,
 And lives to carry on his Love,
 By pleading with our God.

We honour our exalted King ;
 How sweet are his Commands !
 He guards our Souls from Hell and Sin,
 By his Almighty Hands.

Hosanna to his glorious Name,
 Who saves by diff'rent Ways !
 His Mercies lay a sov'reign Claim
 To our immortal Praise.

H Y M N CXXI.

Faith in CHRIST our Sacrifice.

NOT all the Blood of Beasts
 On Jewish Altars slain,
 Could give the guilty Conscience Peace,
 Or wash away the Stain.

But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
 Takes all our Sins away ;
 A Sacrifice of nobler Name,
 And richer Blood than they.

My Faith would lay her Hand
 On that dear Head of thine,
 While like a Penitent I stand,
 And there confess my Sin.

My Soul looks back to see
 The Burdens thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the cursed Tree,
 And hopes her Guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
 To see the Curse remove ;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful Voice,
 And sing his bleeding Love.

HYMN CXXII.

GOD reconcil'd in CHRIST.

DEAREST of all the Names above,
Our Jesus and our God,
Who can resist thy heav'nly Love,
Or trifle with thy Blood ?

'Tis by the Merits of thy Death,
The Father smiles again ;

'Tis by thine interceeding Breath
The Spirit dwells with Men.

Till God in human Flesh I see,
My Thoughts no Comfort find ;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are Terrors to my Mind.

But if Immanuel's Face appear,
My Hope, my Joy begins !
His Name forbids my slavish Fear,
His Grace removes my Sins.

While Jews on their own Law rely,
And Greeks of Wisdom boast :
I love th' incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my Trust.

H Y M N CXXI.I.

O come let us sing unto the LORD.

DISCIPLES of Christ,
Ye Friends of the Lamb,
Attend and assist
In singing his Fame :
Eternal Thanksgiving
The Faithful should pay,
The living, the living,
As we do this Day.

A Body of Clay,
He humbly put on,
And then took away
The Sin we had done ;
And in it endured
The Wrath to us due,
The Curse we incurred,
Our Stripes and our Woe.

Not only he dy'd,
But also arose,
Laid Weakness aside,
And over his Foes,
(Sin, Death, and the Devil)
He triumphed o'er,
And every Evil,
Dominion and Pow'r.

O merciful Lamb,
Who sits on the Throne,
We bow at thy Name,
We count thee alone
Deserving our Blessing,
And Blessing we'll give,
Without ever ceasing
So long as we live.

H Y M N CXXIV.

Adult-Baptism.

DESCEND, celestial Dove !
 In ev'ry Bosom dwell ;
 Upon the present Water move,
 While we the Influence feel.

Anoint with holy Fire,
 Baptize with purging Flames
 This Soul, and with thy Grace inspire,
 In Ceaseless living Streams.

Thy heav'nly Unction give,
 Thy Promise, Lord, fulfil ;
 Give Pow'r thy Spirit to receive,
 And Strength to do thy Will.

Thy Ord'nance we obey,
 O meet us in the same :
 And with this Water now convey
 The Virtues of thy Name.

Witness to this thy Sign,
 And grant the inward Grace ;
 Let this thy Servant seal'd for thine,
 From hence depart in Peace.

H Y M N CXXV.

Infant-Baptism.

THUS did the Sons of Abr'ham pass
 Under the bloody Seal of Grace ;
 The young Disciples bore the Yoke,
 Till Christ the painful Bondage broke.

By milder Ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's Cov'nant and his Love !
He seals to Saints his glorious Grace,
And not forbids their Infant-Race.

Their Seed is sprinkl'd with his Blood,
Their Children set apart for God ;
His Spirit on their Offspring shed,
Like Water pour'd upon the Head.

Let ev'ry Saint with chearful Voice
In this large Covenant rejoice ;
Young Children in their early Days,
Shall give the God of Abr'ham Praise.

H Y M N CXXVI.

Original and actual Sin confess'd and
pardon'd.

LORD, we would spread our sore Distress
And Guilt before thine Eyes ;
Against thy Laws, against thy Grace,
How high our Crimes arise !

Should'st thou condemn our Souls to Hell,
And crush our Flesh to Dust,
Heav'n would approve thy Veng'ance well,
And Earth must own it just.

Cleanse us, O Lord, and clear each Soul
With thy forgiving Love ;
O make our broken Spirits whole,
And bid our Pains remove.

Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive us from thy Face ;
Create a-new our vicious Hearts,
And fill them with thy Grace.

HYMN CXXVII.

Behold the Man.

YE serious Souls, draw near,
 My Song of Jesus hear :
 Roll'd in Blood his Garments shine,
 See him gloriously divine ;
 On his Hands your Names appear,
 Come with me, his Kingdom share.

Rivers of Pleasures flow
 From him for you to know ;
 You, who for your Saviour mourn ;
 You, by Blood and Water born ;
 You, who glad the Word receive ;
 You, who taught of God believe.

Th' exalted Saviour see ;
 He liv'd and dy'd for thee :
 For you he came down from God,
 Empty'd all his Veins of Blood ;
 This, the Lamb for Sinners slain,
 Guilty Souls, *Behold the Man !*

Come near ye weary, come !
 His Arms shall make you Room !
 He, the Fruit of Jesse's Stem,
 Opens you the living Stream ;
 Jesus, born of David's Line,
 You unto himself shall join.

Your Folly he shall hide,
 And bury in his Side ;
 O come near, his Mercies taste,
 Let your Sins on him be cast ;
 Bold approach, for he shall bear
 All your Burden, all your Care.

All ye whom Troubles tire,
 Who'd rest from Sin's Desire,
 Jesus bids you to the Feast,
 There is your eternal Rest ;
 Come with me, and ye shall prove
 His an everlasting Love.

H Y M N CXXVIII.

Longing for the Latter Day Glory.

SAVIOUR of the world, attend,
 Harken to thy People's Moan ;
 Art thou not the Sinner's Friend !
 Art thou not their Friend alone ?
 Then thine Ear incline ;
 While they for Redemption cry,
 Think upon that Word of thine,
 " Your Redemption draweth nigh."

Hear'st thou not the many Pray'rs,
 Offer'd by thy Church, with thee ?
 See'st thou not the thousand Tears,
 Pour'd before thy Majesty ?
 Mark'st thou not the Groans ?
 Mind'st thou not the Yearnings great,
 Of thy ransom'd little ones,
 Prostrate round thy Mercy-Seat ?

Is it nothing, Lord, to thee,
 That so many Years they've cry'd ?
 Must their Suit unanswered be,
 Shall their Pray'rs be still deny'd ?
 For thy Mercies' Sake,
 Turn thou the Captivity,
 Bring the banish'd Brethren back,
 Lord, unite them all in thee.

Be the captive Exile loōs'd,
 Lord the Jubilee proclaim !
 All who Liberty refus'd,
 Let them call upon thy Name ;
 Whoso calls on thee,
 Shall Deliv'rance gladly prove,
 Shall thy Spoil, dear Jesus, be,
 Monuments that thou art Love.

Let thy Blood's so boundless Pow'r,
 Wide as the Creation reach ;
 Sweetly loud from Shore to Shore,
 Thy eternal Mercy preach ;
 Let the ransom'd Seed
 Hear, and to thy Temple flow,
 All for whom thou deign'd to bleed,
 Let them thy Salvation know.

Lift thy Ensign very high,
 Let thy bloody Cross be seen,
 Let thy scarlet Banners fly,
 Glorious in the Sight of Men :
 Sound the Angel loud,
 " Now begins the Jubilee !
 " Now Salvation comes from God,
 " All together it shall see !"

H Y M N CXXIX.

The Same.

HOW many Years have we been driv'n,
 Out from our Eden, from our Heav'n ?
 Lord it is Time that thou restore
 Thy wand'ring Church, to roam no more.

Six thousand Years are nearly past,
Since Adam from thy Sight was cast !
So long ago his fallen Race,
From Age to Age were void of Peace.

• Pris'ners in Houses made of Clay,
And out of Sight of Heav'nly Day,
They cannot chuse but daily mourn,
'Till they from Banishment return.

When will the happy Truinp proclaim,
The Judgment of the martyr'd Lamb ?
When shall the captive Troops be free,
And keep th' eternal Jubilee !

Hasten, O God, in ev'ry Land,
Send thou thine Angels, and Command :
Go sound Deliv'rance ! loudly blow
Salvation to the Saints below !

We want to have the Day appear !
The promis'd great Sabbatic-Year,
When far from Grief, and Sin, and Hell,
Isr'el in ceaseless Peace shall dwell !

'Till then, we will not let thee rest,
Thou still shalt hear our strong Request ;
And this our daily Pray'r shall be,
Lord, sound the Trump of Jubilee !

H Y M N CXXX.

All Nations shall serve him.

SAVIOUR, King, assume thy Pow'r,
Thou that art the Conqueror ;
Lead thy promis'd Glory on,
Bring the Nations to thy Throne.

Japhet's Isles, do bless thy Name,
 Let the West thy Worth proclaim ;
 Wash the Ethiopian clean :
 In the East new Signs be seen.

Great the Band of those be found,
 Who proclaim the joyful Sound ;
 Let it to thy Israel come,
 Let it bring the Wand'lers home.

To the Brightness of thy Face,
 Fly in Troops the suppliant Race :
 Princes shall adorn the Train,
 Monarchs bow and bless thy Reign.

When like Light'ning thro' the Skies,
 Will thy latter Glory rise ?
 When shall we behold thy Pow'r ?
 When salute the accomplish'd Hour ?

Quickly Lord thy Triumphs bring,
 Tongues and Kindred wait to sing :
 Then shall all the chosen Race
 Shout aloud redeeming Grace.—Hallelujah.

H Y M N CXXXI.

The Divine Sovereignty.

O UR God reigns, ye Lands, rejoice,
 Lift ye Isles a thankful Voice :
 Every Throne by one controul'd,
 Well secures the passive World.

Higher than the Sons of Pride,
 He bids raging Waves subside ;
 Whate'er Strifes the Nations fill,
 The Whole centers to his Will.

How unfathomably Wise,
Beautious too his Counsel lies !
Ev'ry Way his Will is done,
Ev'ry Way his Justice shown.

Thoughts are vain against the Lord,
All subserves his standing Word ;
Satan lets, and Men object,
Yet the Thing they thwart, effect.

Subjects of the Lord, be bold,
Jesus will his Kingdom hold ;
Wheels encircling Wheels must run,
Each in Place to bring it on.

Blest is Faith, that trusts his Pow'r,
Blest are Saints that wait his Hour ;
Haste, great Conqueror bring it near,
Let the glorious Close appear.—Hallelujah.

H Y M N CXXXII.

For Good Friday.

WHO hath our Report believed ?
Shiloh come is not received,
Not received by his own,
Promis'd Branch from Root of Jesse,
David's Offspring sent to bless ye,
Comes too meekly to be known.

Tell me, O thou favour'd Nation,
What is thy fond Expectation ?
Some fair, spreading lofty Tree ?
Let not worldly Pride confound thee,
'Mong the lowly Plants around thee,
Mark the Lowest—that is He.

Blessed be the Pow'r who gave us,
 Freely gave his Son to save us,
 Bless'd the Son who freely came ;
 Honour, Blessing, Adoration,
 Ever, from the whole Creation,
 Be to God and to the Lamb.

H Y M N CXXXIII.

For the Fifth of November.

SHOUT to the Lord, and let our Joys
 Thro' the whole Nation run ;
 Ye British Skies, resound the Noise
 Beyond the rising Sun.

Thee, mighty God, our Souls admire,
 Thee our glad Voices sing,
 And join with the celestial Choir
 To praise th' eternal King.

Thy Pow'r the whole Creation rules,
 And on the starry Skies,
 Sits smiling at the weak Designs,
 Thine envious Foes devise.

Thy Scorn derides their feeble Rage,
 And with an awful Frown,
 Flings vast Confusion on their Plots,
 And shakes their Babel down.

Almighty Grace defends our Land
 From their malicious Pow'r ;
 Let Britain with united Songs
 Almighty Grace adore.

H Y M N CXXXIV.

For New Year's Day.

THE Lord of Earth and Sky,
 The God of Ages praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,
 Ancient of endless Days ;
 Who lengthens out our Trial here,
 And spares us yet another Year.

Barren and wither'd Trees,
 We cumber'd long the Ground,
 No Fruit of Holiness
 On our dead Souls was found,
 Yet doth he us in Mercy spare,
 Another, and another Year.

When Justice bar'd the Sword
 To cut the Fig-tree down,
 The Pity of our Lord
 Cry'd, Let it still alone.
 The Father mild inclines his Ear,
 And spares us yet another Year.

Jesus, thy speaking Blood,
 From God obtain'd the Grace,
 Who therefore hath bestow'd
 On us a longer Space :
 Thou didst in our Behalf appear,
 And lo, we see another Year.

Then dig about our Root,
 Break up our fallow Ground,
 And let much gracious Fruit
 To thy great Praise abound :
 O let us all thy Praise declare,
 And Fruit unto Perfection bear.

H Y M N CXXXV.

A Song of Praise to God from Great Britain.

NATURE with all her Pow'r shall sing
God the Creator, and the King ;
Nor Air, nor Earth, nor Skies, nor Seas,
Deny the Tribute of their Praise.

Begin to make his Glories known,
Ye Seraphs that sit near his Throne ;
Tune your Harps high, and spread the Sound
To the Creation's utmost Bound.

All mortal Things of meaner Frame,
Exert your Force, and own his Name !
Whilst with our Souls and with our Voice,
We sing his Honours, and our Joys.

He builds and guards the British Throne,
And makes it gracious like his own :
Makes our successive Princes kind,
And gives our Dangers to the Wind.

Raise monumental Praises high
To him that thunders thro' the Sky ;
The strongest Notes that Angels raise,
Faint in the Worship and the Praise.

H Y M N CXXXVI.

For his Majesty King GEORGE, and
Royal Family.

LORD, thou hast bid thy People pray,
For all that bear the Sov'reign Sway,
And thy Vicegerents Reign ;
Rulers, and Governors, and Pow'rs ;
And lo ! in Faith we pray for ours :
Nor can we pray in vain.

Jesus, thy chosen Servant guard,
 And every threat'ning Danger ward
 From his anointed Head ;
 Bid all his Griefs and Troubles cease,
 And thro' the Path of heav'nly Peace
 To Life eternal lead.

Cover his Enemies with Shame,
 Defeat their dire malicious Aim,
 Their baffled Hopes destroy ;
 But shower on him thy Blessings down,
 Crown him with Grace, with Glory crown,
 And everlasting Joy.

To hoary Hairs be thou his God,
 Late may he see that high Abode,
 Late to his Heav'n remove ;
 Of Virtues full, and happy Days,
 Accounted worthy by thy Grace,
 To fill a Throne above.

And when thou dost his Sp'rit receive,
 O give us in his Offspring, give
 Us back our King again ;
 Preserve them, Providence divine,
 And let the long illustrious Line
 To latest Ages reign.

Secure us of his royal Race,
 A Man to stand before thy Face,
 And exercise thy Pow'r !
 With Wealth, Prosperity, and Peace,
 Our Nation and our Church to blefs,
 Till Time shall be no more.

The End of the First Book.

H Y M N S

FOR

SOCIETY, and Persons meeting in Christian-Fellowship..

BOOK II.

H Y M N I.

For S O C I E T Y.

WHO can have greater Cause to sing,
Who greater Cause to bless,
Than we the Children of the King,
Than we who Christ possess ?
Than we who Christ possess ?
Than we who Christ possess ?

With Angel-Hosts, dear Lamb, we join
To praise thy Love and Pow'r,
To magnify thy Grace divine,
Thou mighty Counsellor,
Thou mighty Counsellor,
Thou mighty Counsellor.

We late were Satan's Captives led,
 And Hell had been our End,
 Had'st thou not for our Pardon bled,
 Thou Sinners only Friend,
 Thou Sinners only Friend,
 Thou Sinners only Friend.

For this we ne'er will hold our Tongue,
 Nor shall our Praises cease ;
 We evermore will sing that Song,
 The Lord our Righteousness,
 The Lord our Righteousness,
 The Lord our Righteousness.

No other God we know but thee,
 None else did us create ;
 Thy Glory may we ever be,
 O holy Advocate,
 O holy Advocate,
 O holy Advocate.

'Twas thou, 'twas only thou didst take
 The Mediator's Place,
 When we the Father's Statutes brake,
 All hail thou Prince of Peace !
 All hail thou Prince of Peace !
 All hail thou Prince of Peace !

We daily prove thee still the same,
 Whene'er our Need we see :
 Thou bearest still a Saviour's Name,
 Our Saviour thou shalt be !
 Our Saviour thou shalt be !
 Our Saviour thou shalt be !

No Law, nor Sin, nor Hell, nor Death,
 Shall us from thee divide ;
 Strongly we hold that precious Faith,
 For us our Saviour dy'd,
For us our Saviour dy'd,
For us our Saviour dy'd.

H Y M N II.

The Pilgrim's Song.

RISE, my Soul, and stretch thy Wings,
 Thy better Portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory Things,
 Tow'rds Heav'n, thy native Place,
 Sun, and Moon, and Stars decay,
 Time shall soon this Earth remove ;
 Rise, my Soul, and haste away
 To Seats prepar'd above.

Rivers to the Ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their Course ;
 Fire ascending seeks the Sun,
 Both speed them to their Source ;
 So a Soul that's born of God
 Pants to view his glorious Face,
 Upward tends to his Abode,
 To rest in his Embrace.

Cease, ye Pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onwards to the Prize ;
 Soon our Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the Skies :

Yet a Seafen, and you know,
 Happy Ent'rance will be given;
 All our Sorrows left below,
 And Earth exchang'd for Heaven.

HYMN III.

Calling to follow JESUS.

COME, my Father's Family,
 Ye ransom'd of the Lord;
 Come, ye Sinners, who with me
 Are ev'ry where abhor'd :
 Let us gladly trace his Steps,
 Who suffer'd Death among the Jews,
 Who the friendless Soul accepts,
 Whom all beside refuse.

Jesus, the despis'd and mean,
 Our Master let us own ;
 He the Sacrifice for Sin,
 The Saviour he alone :
 Let us take and bear his Cross,
 Despis'd Disciples let us be ;
 Mock'd and slighted, as he was
 For you, my Friend, and me.

None but Jesus will we sing,
 None else will we adore :
 He our Prophet, Priest, and King,
 Shall be for ever more :
 None among the heav'nly Pow'rs,
 Nor one on Earth our Praise may claim,
 None but Jesus call we ours,
 None but the bleeding Lamb.

H Y M N IV.

The Same.

COME, ye Lovers of the Lamb,
Join in publishing his Fame ;
Let the whole Society
Sing our Saviour's Clemency.

Who like us so favour'd are ?
We the Lord's peculiar Care ;
We the precious Sons of God,
Dearly purchas'd by his Blood.

Who can make their Boast like us ?
Who hath e'er been honour'd thus ?
We can boast, for we are made
Kings and Priests in Christ our Head.

Jesus (when we all were poor)
Out of Love's eternal Store,
Gave to each of us a Crown,
Gave us Mansions on his Throne.

Neither leave us desolate,
While we're in our Pilgrim State ;
Here he talks with us, and we
Him by Faith's Perspective see.

Him we coimmune with by Pray'rs,
Well persuaded he us hears ;
Sure we do not pray in vain,
He kind Answers gives again.

Best of Friends the Lord we prove,
He ne'er changes in his Love ;

Faithful, gracious, good, the same
Find we is our Lord the Lamb.

Evermore we sing to thee,
High exalted Deity ;
Bless we thee, eternal Son,
Glory be to thee alone !

H Y M N V.

CHRIST our great Melchisedec.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee ;
No Music like thy charming Name,
Ne'er half so sweet can be,
O may we ever hear thy Voice,
In Mercy to us speak,
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

Our Jesus shall be still our Theme,
While in this World we stay,
We'll sing our Jesu's lovely Name,
When all Things else decay :
When we appear in yonder Cloud,
With all his favour'd Throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our Song.

H Y M N VI.

Peace of GOD's Children.

LOVING Saviour, Prince of Peace,
Author of our Unity,

Making Wars and Jarrings cease,
 Causing Men, tho' Foes, t' agree,
 Kindly rule in us ;
 Make us happily go on,
 Helping each to bear his Cross,
 Stedfast 'till our Work is done.

Let us like a Flock of Sheep,
 Close together persevere,
 True by one another keep,
 Each esteeming very dear,
 Altogether move :
 Truly subject be the whole,
 Bound in Bands of truest Love,
 One in Heart, in Mind, and Soul.

May we all one Faith maintain,
 One sole Doctrine witness too,
 Christ the Lord our God was slain,
 Slain for us, and this is true,
 He will ours abide :
 He will our dear Portion be,
 He who on Mount Calvary dy'd,
 Jesus, Jesus, only he ?

Strive we who shall love thee most,
 Who shall most in Faith excell,
 Who can of the Saviour boast,
 Who can most of Jesus tell :
 This employ us all ;
 Daily this contend we for,
 Daily 'till the Lamb shall call,
 Prosp'ring daily more and more.

Let us Hand in Hand proceed,
 Little loving Children be,

Dead to Sin, to all Things dead,
But alive, dear Lamb, to thee ;
So continue firm ;
While beneath us thou wilt lay
Thy eternal out-stretch'd Arm,
'Till we wake in endless Day.

H Y M N VII.

Sitting under CHRIST's Shadow.

BLOOD of Jesu's Wounds, how good,
Sounds it in our Ears and Hearts !
Nothing, surely, like that Blood,
Can such solid Bliss impart ;
Oh 'tis most divine !
Weary Sinners hither fly,
Laden with their crimson Sin,
This blots out the dreadful Dye.

You who have the Law obey'd,
You who Righteousness t' attain,
Earnestly by Works assay'd,
But have found your Strife in vain ;
Turn you to Christ's Blood.
Thither look, and you no more
Shall lament an absent God,
Nor your dreadful State deplore.

Whoso after Rest enquires,
Let him to this Blood approach ;
Whoso truly Peace desires,
Jesu's Blood affordeth much ;
Be persuaded then ;
Lift ye up your down-cast Eyes,
See the Saviour bleeding, slain ;
There thy Rest, poor Sinner, is.

Here may we take up our Place,
 Here for ever happy be ;
 Here wrap up our blushing Face,
 Seeking nought beside to see !
 Here we now sit down,
 Trusting in his Blood, and prove
 What the Lord for us hath done ;
 Who can fully tell his Love ?

H Y M N VIII.

Te Deum, or Song of Praise.

DIALOGUE.

WE sing to thee, thou Son of God,
 Who sav'd us by thy Grace ;
We praise thee, Son of Man, whose Blood
Redeem'd our fallen Race.

We thee acknowledge God and Lord,
 Father, ere Time began ;
Thou art by Heav'n and Earth ador'd,
Worthy o'er both to reign.

To thee all Angels cry aloud,
 Thro' Heav'n's extended Coasts ;
Hail, holy, holy, holy God
Of all immortal Hosts !

The Cherubim and Seraphim
 Are always praising thee ;
The Worlds and all the Pow'r's therain
Adore thy Majesty.

The Prophets goodly Fellowship,
 In milky Garments dress'd,
Praise thee Thou holy God, and reap
The Fulness of thy Rest.

Th' Apostles' glorious Company
 Thy righteous Praise proclaim ;
The martyr'd Army glorify
Thy everlasting Name.

Thro' all the World thy Churches join
 T' acknowledge thee the Head ;
Father of Majesty divine,
Who ev'ry Pow'r has made.

Also thy true and only Son,
 Thy Family confess ;
King of thy Saints, to us made known,
The Lord our Righteousness.

Also the Holy Ghost we praise,
 The Spirit of the Lord,
The Comforter, whose kindling Rays
Our dying Souls restor'd.

H Y M N IX.

Holy Strife in praising CHRIST.

RISE, O ye Seed of David, rise,
 Daughters of Zion, sing :
Up, Sons of Jacob, Jesus praise,
Salute th' auspicious King.

Our Souls arise, and may our Tongue
 Be tun'd to praise the Lamb !
So ready be our ransom'd Throng
To magnify his Name.

Why stay we then ? the Lord extol ;
 Zion, break forth in Praise ;
Join ev'ry heavenly minded Soul
In pure seraphic Lays.

Open ye everlasting Doors,
 Divide ye Gates of Bliss,
We with Dominions, Thrones and Pow'rs,
Praise Christ our Righteousness.

HYMN X.

The Same.

LET us, the Sheep by Jesus nam'd,
 Our Shepherd's Mercy bless ;
Let, us whom Jesus hath redeem'd,
Shew forth our Thankfulness.

Not unto us, to thee alone,
 Bless'd Lamb be Glory giv'n !
Here shall thy Praises be begun,
But carried on in Heav'n.

The Hosts of Spirits now with thee
 Eternal Anthems sing,
To imitate them here, lo ! we
Our Hallelujahs bring.

Had we our Tongues like them inspir'd,
 Like theirs our Songs should rise,
Like them we never should be tir'd,
But love the Sacrifice.

'Till we the Veil of Flesh lay down,
 Accept our weaker Lays :
And when, O Lord, we reach thy Throne,
We'll join in nobler Praise.

H Y M N XI.

Pilgrim's Hymn. A Dialogue.

TELL us, O Women, we would know
Whither so fast ye move?
*We, call'd to leave the World below,
Are seeking one above.*

Whence came ye, say, and what the Place
That ye are Trav'ling from?
*From Tribulation, we thro' Grace,
Are now returning Home.*

Is not your native Country here?
Like you not this abode?
*We seek a better Country far,
A City built by God.*

Thither we travel, nor intend
Short of that Bliss to rest;
*Nor we, 'till in the Sinners Friend
Our weary Souls are bless'd.*

Friends of the Bridegroom we shall reign,
Saviour, we ask no more;
*Hail Lamb of God, for Sinners slain,
Whom Heav'n and Earth adore!*

H Y M N XII.

Resting under the Cross.

CHILDREN of Isr'el, see what Shade
The Cross doth us afford;
*It was for weary Trav'lers made,
We thank thee for it, Lord.*

A while sit down, and we'll prepare
 To sing his worthy Fame ;
Who to redeem us sojourn'd here,
Christ Jesus is his Name.

We sing thy Suff'rings, Wounds, and Blood,
 The Virtue of thy Pain :
We sing thy Griefs, thou dying God,
Thou Lamb for Sinners slain.

We hail thee, thou by Jews revil'd,
 To thee we bow the Knee :
Hail ! very God, the promis'd Child,
The Prophets sang of thee.

While others praise an unknown God,
 We each will sing of thee ;
Jesus has wash'd me in his Blood,
And lov'd and dy'd for me.

H Y M N XIII.

General Praise to CHRIST.

ONCE slaughter'd, now exalted Lamb,
 We sing to thy eternal Name,
 The whole Assembly join :
 To yonder Harper's Harp we tune
 Our solemn Songs, and round the Throne
 We sing the Man divine.

Our poor unmeet Society,
 Mix with the happy Company
 Of Christians gone before ;
 And as they bless Messiah's Blood,
 We imitate their Son, and God,
 The holy Lamb adore.

Brethren and Sisters all agree
 To sing he lov'd and dy'd for me ;
 I thank him for his Grace ;
 Quickly thy Chariot, Lord, send down,
 To bear us to the wish'd for Throne,
 Where we may see thy Face.

Or if thou here would'st have us stay,
 A longer Space, lo ! We obey ;
 Only let us be sure
 That Heav'n is ours, die when we will,
 And let thy Sp'rit be with us still,
 And we'll desire no more.

H Y M N XIV.

Privileges of God's Children.

BLESSED are the Sons of God,
 They are bought with Christ's own Blood,
 They are ransom'd from the Grave,
 Life eternal they shall have.

God did love them in his Son,
 Long before the World begun ;
 They the Seal of this receive,
 When on Jesus they believe.

They are justify'd by Grace,
 They enjoy a solid Peace ;
 All their Sins are wash'd away,
 They shall stand in God's great Day.

They produce the Fruits of Grace,
 In the Works of Righteousness !
 They are harmless, meek and mild,
 Holy, humble, undefil'd.

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They are Lights upon the Earth,
Children of a heav'nly Birth ;
Born of God, they hate all Sin,
God's pure Seed remains within.

They have Fellowship with God,
Thro' the Mediator's Blood ;
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.

Tho' they suffer much on Earth,
Strangers quite to this World's Mirth,
Yet they have an inward Joy,
Pleasure which can never cloy.

They alone are truly blest,
Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ ;
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in Eternity !

H Y M N XV.

Peace of Christianity, in a Dialogue.

HO Pilgrims (if ye Pilgrims be)
We want to join with you :
Poor Christian-Travellers are we,
To Canaan's Land we go.

No Peace (tho' we have sought) we find
In any Country here ;
'Twas therefore we left all behind,
Wealth, Name, and Character.

We ne'er such Pleasure knew before,
As now in him we know !

*Peace (since our Saviour's Cross we bore)
Like Rivers in us flow.*

*Let others then delight them here,
Their Trifles we despise ;
The heav'ly Kingdom we prefer,
The Bliss of Paradise.*

*Then joyful let us Journey on
To certain Rest above ;
Singing to him on yonder's Throne
Of free electing Love.*

H Y M N XVI.

Glorifying GOD in CHRIST.

D I A L O G U E.

BRETHREN sing—'tis right you should,
Sing our Saviour's precious Blood ?
Daughters of Jerusalem,
Join we willingly the Theme.

*Shout for Joy, ye happy Men,
Lo ! for you the Lamb was slain ;
Highly favour'd Women, praise,
Jesus in celestial Lays.*

*Hail, redeeming Lamb, who late
Suffer'd Death without the Gate ;
Hail ! for by thy Death and Cross,
Thou hast purchas'd Heav'n for us.*

*None but Jesus will we sing,
None but Jesus, Isr'el's King ;
None but Jesus will we laud,
None but Christ our Lord and God.*

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Worthy, holy Lamb, art thou,
 Praise to have, and Honour too ;
Worthy thou of Bliss and Pow'r,
Now, henceforth, and evermore.

HYMN XVII.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

COME we that love the Lord,
 And let our Joys be known,
 Join in a Song of sweet Accord,
 And thus surround the Throne.

The Sorrows of the Mind
 Be banish'd from the Place ;
 Religion never was design'd
 To make our Pleasures less.

The Men of Grace hath found
 Glory begun below ;
 Celestial Fruits, on earthly Ground,
 From Faith and Hope may grow.

The Hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred Sweets,
 Before we reach the heav'ly Fields,
 Or walk the golden Streets.

Then let our Songs abound,
 And ev'ry Tear be dry,
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's Ground,
 To fairer Worlds on high.

HYMN XVIII.

The Wisdom of GOD Foolishness with
Men.

O Saviour, thou thy Mysteries
Hast often cover'd from the Wise,
And Babes thy Glory shew'd ;
Thy Wisdom far surpasses all
That studious Mortals Wisdom call,
Thou holy Lamb of God.

The nat'r'al Man can't right conceive
The glorious Things which we believe,
How thou did'st us redeem ;
The Things thy Spirit teaches us,
The Merits of thy Blood and Cross,
Are Foolishness to him.

They this World's Wisdom seek and gain,
That Wisdom which thou callest vain,
But oh ! are Strangers still !
To that which makes our Spirits wise,
And sets before our waiting Eyes
What is our Saviour's Will.

Thrice happy then are we, who prove
The Peace of God, his Truth, and Love !
Things freely to us giv'n ;
These Earnests are of greater Bliss,
The Earnests of that Happiness
Which we shall have in Heav'n.

HYMN XIX.

The Triumph of FAITH.

HEAD of the Church triumphant !
We joyfully adore thee ;
'Till thou appear,
Thy Members here,
Shall sing like those in Glory.
We lift our Hearts and Voices
With blest Anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The Praise of our Salvation.

While in Affliction's Furnace,
And passing thro' the Fire,
Thy Love we praise,
Which knows our Days,
And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our Hands exulting
In thine Almighty Favour,
The Love divine,
Which made us thine,
Shall keep us thine for ever.

Thou dost conduct thy People
Thro' Torrents of Temptation,
Nor will we fear,
Whilst thou art near,
The Fire of Tribulation.
The World with Sin and Satan,
In vain our March opposes ;
By thee we shall
Break thro' them all,
And sing the Song of Moses.

By faith we see the Glory,
 To which thou shalt restore us,
 The Cross despise
 For that high Prize,
 Which thou hast set before us.
 And if thou count us worthy,
 We, each, as dying Stephen,
 Shall see thee stand
 At God's right Hand,
 To take us up to Heav'n.

H Y M N XX.

The Same.

REJOICE, the Lord is King !
 Your Lord and King adore,
 Mortals give Thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore :
 Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, Rejoice.

Jesus the Saviour reigns,
 The God of Truth and Love,
 When he had purg'd our Stains,
 He took his Seat above :
 Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

His Kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er Earth and Heav'n,
 The Keys of Death and Hell
 Are to our Jesus giv'n :
 Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

He sits at God's right Hand
 'Till all his Foes submit,
 And bow to his Command,
 And fall beneath his Feet ;
 Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Rejoice in glorious Hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come,
 And take his Servants up
 To their eternal Home :
 We soon shall hear th' Arch-Angel's Voice,
 The Trump of God shall sound Rejoice !

HYMN XXI.

Little Children, love one another.

GIVER of Concord, Prince of Peace,
 Meek Lamb-like Son of God,
 Bid our unruly Passions cease,
 O quench them with thy Blood.

Us into closest Union draw,
 And in our inward Parts,
 Let Kindness sweetly write her Law,
 Let Love command our Hearts.

O let thy Love our Hearts constrain,
 Jesus the Crucify'd !

What hast thou done our Hearts to gain,
 Languish'd, and groan'd, and dy'd !

Who would not now pursue the Way
 Where Jesu's Footsteps shine ?

Who would not own the pleasing Sway,
 Of Charity divine ?

O let us find the Ancient Way,
 Our wond'ring Foes to move,
 And force the Heathen World to say,
 " See how these Christians love ! "

H Y M N XXII.

The Communion of Saints.

P A R T I.

COME, and let us sweetly join,
 Christ to praise in Hymns divine ;
 Give we all with one accord,
 Glory to our common Lord ;
 Strive we, in Affection strive,
 Let the purer Flame revive,
 Such as in the Martyrs glow'd,
 Dying Champions for their God.

Sing we then in Jesu's Name,
 Now, as Yesterday the same :
 One in ev'ry Age and Place,
 Full of Love, of Truth, and Grace !
 Christ is now gone up on high,
 (Thither may our Wishes fly ;)
 Sits at God's Right-Hand above,
 There with him we reign in Love !

H Y M N XXIII.

P A R T II.

PARTNERS of a glorious Hope,
 Lift your Hearts and Voices up,
 Jointly let us rise and sing,
 Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King.

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Monuments of Jesu's Grace,
 Speak we by our Lives his Praise,
 Walk in him we have receiv'd,
 Shew we've not in vain believ'd.

While we walk with God in Light,
 God our Hearts doth still unite ;
 Dearest Fellowship we prove,
 Fellowship of Jesu's Love :
 Sweetly each with each combin'd,
 In the Bonds of Duty join'd,
 Feels the cleansing Blood apply'd,
 Daily feels that Christ hath dy'd.

Still, O Lord, my Faith increase,
 Cleanse from all Unrighteousness ;
 Thee, th' unholy cannot see ;
 Make, O make us meet for thee !
 Ev'ry vile Affection kill,
 Free our Souls from ev'ry Ill,
 Conquer ev'ry inbred Sin,
 Write thy Law of Love within.

Hence may all our Actions flow,
 Love the Proof that Christ we know,
 Mutual Love the Token be,
 Lord, that we belong to thee !
 Love thy Image, Love impart,
 Stamp it fully on each Heart ;
 Only Love to us be giv'n,
 Lord, we ask no other Heav'n.

H Y M N XXIV.

P A R T III.

FATHER, Son, and Spirit, hear
 Faith's effectual fervent Prayer ;

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Hear, and our Petitions seal,
 Let us now the Answer feel ;
 Mystically one with thee,
 Transcript of the Trinity :
 Thee let all our Nature own,
 One in Three, and Three in One.

Build us in one Body up,
 Call'd in one high Calling's Hope ;
 One the Spirit whom we claim,
 One the pure baptismal Flame,
 One the Faith, and common Lord,
 One the Father lives ador'd,
 Over, thro', and in us all,
 God incomprehensible.

One with God, the Source of Bliss,
 Ground of our Communion this ;
 Life of all that live below,
 Let thy Emanations flow ;
 Rise eternal in our Heart :
 Thou our only Eden art ;
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be to us what Adam lost.

H Y M N . XXV.

P A R T IV.

HUSBAND of thy Church below,
 Christ, if thee our Lord we know,
 Unto thee betroth'd in Love,
 Always faithful let us prove ;
 Never rob thee of our Heart,
 Never give the Creature part !
 Only thou possess the Whole,
 Take our Body, Spirit, Soul.

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Stedfast let us cleave to thee,
 Love the Mystic Union be !
 Union to the World unknown,
 Join'd to God, in Spirit one !
 Wait we 'till the Spouse shall come,
 'Till the Lamb shall take us Home,
 For his Heav'n the Bride prepare,
 Solemnize our Nuptials there.

Let it hence to all be known,
 Thou art with thy Father one ;
 One with him in us be shew'd,
 Very God of very God ;
 Sent our Spirits to unite,
 Sent to make us Sons of Light,
 Sent that we his Grace may prove,
 All the Riches of his Love.

H Y M N XXVI.

P A R T V.

CHRIST, from whom all Blessings flow,
 Comforting thy Saints below,
 Hear us, who thy Nature share,
 Who thy mystic Body are ;
 Join us, in one Spirit join,
 Let us still receive of thine,
 Still for more on thee we call,
 Thee who fillest all in all.

Move, and actuate, and guide,
 Diverse Gifts to each divide ;
 Plac'd according to thy Will,
 Let us all our Works fulfil ;
 Never from our Office move,
 Needful to the others prove,

Use the Grace on each bestow'd,
Temper'd by the blessed God.

Many are we now and one,
We who Jesus have put on ;
There is neither Bond nor Free,
Male nor Female, Lord, in thee.
Love like Death, hath all destroy'd,
Render'd all Distinctions void ;
Names and Sects, and Parties fall,
Thou, O Christ, art all in all !

H Y M N XXVII.

P A R T VI.

KING of Saints to whom are giv'n,
All in Earth, and all in Heav'n,
Reconcil'd thro' thee alone,
Join'd and gather'd into one :
Heirs of Glory, Sons of Grace,
Lo ! to thee our Hopes we raise,
Raise and fix our Hopes on thee,
Full of Immortality.

Absent in our Flesh from Home,
We are to Mount Sion come :
Heaven is our Soul's Abode,
City of the living God ;
Enter'd there our Seats we claim
In the new Jerusalem ;
Join the countless Angel Quire,
Greet the First-born Sons of Fire.

We our Elder-Brethren meet,
We are made with them to sit ;

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Sweetest Fellowship we prove
 With the general Church above :
 Saints who now their Names behold,
 In the Book of Life enroll'd,
 Spirits of the Righteous, made
 Perfect now in Christ their Head.

Life his healing Blood imparts,
 Sprinkled on our peaceful Hearts ;
 Abel's Blood for Veng'ance cry'd,
 Jesus speaks us justify'd !
 Speaks and call for better Things,
 Makes us Prophets, Priests and Kings !
 Asks that we with him may reign,
 Earth and Heaven, say Amen !

H Y M N XXVIII.

For Persons join'd in Fellowship.

TRY us, O God, and search the Ground
 Of ev'ry sinful Heart ;
 Whate'er of Sin in us is found,
 O bid it all depart.

When to the right or left we stray,
 Leave us not comfortless,
 But guide our Feet into the Way
 Of everlasting Peace.

Help us to help each other Lord,
 Each other's Cross to bear :
 Let each his friendly Aid afford,
 And feel his Brother's Care.

Help us to build each other up,
 Our little Stock improve,

Increase our Faith, confirm our Hope,
And perfect us in Love.

Then when the mighty Work is wrought,
Receive the ready Bride :
Give us in Heav'n a happy Lot,
With all the Sanctify'd.

H Y M N XXIX.

The Same.

JESUS, Lord we look to thee,
Let us in thy Name agree,
Shew thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid our Jars for ever cease.

By thy reconciling Love,
Every Stumbling-Block remove,
Each to each unite, indear,
Come and spread thy Banner here.

Make us of one Heart and Mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in Thought and Word,
Altogether like our Lord.

Let us each for other care,
Each his Brother's Burden bear,
To thy Church thy Pattern give,
Shew how true Believers live.

Let us then with Joy remove
To thy Family above,
On the Wings of Angels fly,
Shew how true Believers die.

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H Y M N XXX.

At Meeting.

BLEST by Jesu's Providence,
Lo! we meet again in Peace!
May we, when we fly from hence,
Meet in a more glorious Place !

When we once shall there arrive,
Ever happy we shall reign ;
Ever with our Saviour live,
'Midst a Host of perfect Men.

There shall Sorrow not intrude,
Grief shall never there appear ;
Wash'd in you Redeemer's Blood,
We shall stand made free from Fear.

Come, dear Fellows, joyful come,
Forward boldly let us press,
Humbly let our Souls presume,
Trust in Jesu's Righteousness.

Pray we for the promis'd Hour,
When the Family compleat,
Borne on Clouds, and girt with Pow'rs,
In the House above shall meet.

Master, hasten on the Day,
Glorious to thy Judgment come !
Call thy trav'ling Saints away,
Lord, we long to be at Home.

H Y M N XXXI.

At Parting.

BLEST be the dear uniting Love,
That will not let us part ;
Our Bodies may far off remove,
We still are join'd in Heart.

Join'd in one Spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go,
And still in Jesu's Footsteps tread,
And do his Work below.

O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucify'd.

Closer and closer let us cleave,
To his belov'd embrace,
Expect his Fulness to receive,
And Grace to answer Grace.

But let us hasten to the Day,
Which shall our Flesh restore,
When Death shall all be done away,
And Bodies part no more.

H Y M N XXXII.

Adoring CHRIST.

WORTHY is Christ, our Paschal Lamb,
Who bow'd his Head, and bore our
(Shame,

On God's eternal Throne to reign :
For he for us, for us, was slain.

From ev'ry People, Land, and Tongue,
He calls his royal conqu'ring Throng ;
Let all thy Hosts, thy Grace confess,
And call thee Lord our Righteousness.

We praise thee, Thou whose Spirit rests
On us thy Kings, on us thy Priests :
Redeem'd to banquet with our God,
And bought, and ransom'd by his Blood.

Let ev'ry Spirit now with thee,
And all on Earth, and all on Sea,
Thy Wisdom bless, and fill thy Throne,
With Worship due to thee alone.

Be Pow'r and Riches ever thine !
And Strength and Majesty divine !
By ev'ry Creature reign ador'd,
The only, everlasting Lord !

H Y M N XXXIII.

The Same.

BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Jesus Christ, our Joy and Peace ;
Let our Praise to him be giv'n,
High at God's Right-Hand in Heav'n.

Master, see to thee we bow,
Thou art Lord, and only thou ;
Thou the blessed Virgin's Seed,
Glory of thy Church and Head.

Thee the Angels ceaseless sing,
Thee we praise, our Priest, our King
Worthy is thy Name of Praise,
Full of Glory, full of Grace.

Thou hast the glad Tidings brought
Of Salvation by thee wrought ;
Wrought for all thy Church ! and we
Worship in their Company.

We, thy little Flock adore !
Thee, the Lord for evermore !
Ever with us, shew thy Love,
Till we join with those above !

H Y M N XXXIV.

For the Propagation of the Gospel.

COME, divine Immanuel, come,
Take Possession of thy Home,
Now thy Mercy's Wings expand,
Stretch throughout the happy Land.

Carry on thy Victory,
Spread thy Rule from Sea to Sea,
Re-convert the ransom'd Race,
Save us, save us, Lord by Grace.

O that ev'ry Soul might be
Suddenly subdu'd to thee !
O that all in thee might know
Everlasting Life below !

Now thy Mercy's Wings expand,
Stretch throughout the happy Land ;
Take Possession of thy Home,
Come, divine Immanuel, come !

H Y M N XXXV.

Rejoicing in Hope.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye Journey sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy Praise,
Glorious in his Works and Ways !

We are trav'ling Home to God,
In the Way the Fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their Happiness shall see.

O, ye banish'd Seed be glad !
Christ our Advocate is made !
Us to save, our Flesh assumes,
Brother to our Souls becomes.

Shout, ye little Flock and blest,
You on Jesu's Throne shall rest :
There your Seat is now prepar'd,
There your Kingdom and Reward.

Fear not, Brethren joyful stand
On the Borders of your Land :
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

H Y M N . XXXVI.

Breathing after Holiness.

LOVE divine, all Love excelling,
 Joy of Heav'n to Earth come down !
 Fix in us thy humble Dwelling,
 All thy Faithful Mercies crown ;
 Jesus ! thou art all Compassion,
 Pure unbounded Love thou art,
 Visit us with thy Salvation,
 Enter ev'ry trembling Heart !

Breathe ! O breathe thy loving Spirit,
 Into every troubled Breast !
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promis'd Rest :
 Take away the Pow'r of Sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be,
 End of Faith, as its Beginning,
 Set our Hearts at Liberty.

Come ! Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy Life receive !
 Suddenly return, and never
 Never more thy Temples leave !
 Thee we would be always Blessing,
 Serve thee as thy Hosts above,
 Pray, and Praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy precious Love.

Finish then thy new Creation,
 Pure, unspotted may we be,
 Let us see thy great Salvation,
 Perfectly restor'd by thee !

Change from Glory into Glory,
 'Till in Heav'n we take our Place,
 'Till we cast our Crowns before thee,
 Lost in Wonder, Love and Praise.

H Y M N XXXVII.

The Christian Soldier.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your Armour on,
 Strong in the Strength which God supplies,
 Through his eternal Son ;
 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
 And in his mighty Power,
 Who in the Strength of Jesus trusts
 Is more than Conqueror.

Stand then in his great Might.
 With all his Strength endu'd,
 And take, to arm you for the Fight,
 The Panoply of God ;
 That having all Things done,
 And all your Conflicts past,
 You may o'ercome, thro' Christ alone,
 And stand entire at last.

Jesus hath dy'd for you !
 What can his Love withstand ?
 Believe, hold fast your Shield, and who
 Shall pluck you from his Hand ?
 Believe that Jesus reigns,
 All Pow'r to him is giv'n ;
 Believe, till freed from Nature's Chains,
 You're call'd from hence to Heav'n.

Your Rock can never shake ;
 Hither, be faith, come up !
The Helmet of Salvation take,
 The Confidence of Hope ;
 Hope for his perfect Love,
 Hope for his promis'd Rest,
 Hope to sit down with Christ above,
 And share the Marriage Feast.

In Fellowship ; alone
 To God with Faith draw near,
Approach his Courts, besiege his Throne,
 With all the Pow'r of Pray'r ;
 Go to his Temple, go,
 Nor from his Altar move ;
 Let every House his Worship know,
 And every Heart his Love.

From Strength to Strength go on,
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the Pow'rs of Darkness down,
 And win the well-fought Day :
 Still let the Spirit cry
 In all his Soldiers, " Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
 And takes the Conqu'rors Home.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

Panting after God.

THOU hidden Love of God whose Height,
 Whose Depth unfathom'd no Man knows,
 I see from far thy beauteous Light,
 Inly I sigh for thy Repose :
 My Heart is pain'd, nor can it be
 At Rest, till it finds Rest in Thee.

Is there a Thing beneath the Sun,
 That strives with thee my Heart to share ?
 Ah tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The Lord of ev'ry Motion there :
 Then shall my Heart from Earth be free,
 When it has found Repose in thee.

O hide this Self from me, that I
 No more, but Christ in me may live !
 My vile Affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling Lust survive,
 In all Things nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek, but thee.

Oh Love ! thy sovereign Aid impart,
 To save me from low-thoughted Care ;
 Chace this Self-will thro' all my Heart,
 Thro' all its latent Mazes there,
 Make me thy dutous Child, that I
 Ceaseless may, Abba, Father cry.

Each Moment draw from Earth away,
 My Heart that lowly waits thy Call ;
 Speak to my inmost Soul, and say,
 I am thy Love, thy God, thy All !
 To feel thy Pow'r, to hear thy Voice,
 To taste thy Love be all my Choice.

H Y M N XXXIX.

Adoring JESUS.

O Come let us join,
 Together combine,
 To praise our dear Saviour our Master divine.

Him let us adore,
 Who cover'd with Gore,
 Late hanged on Calv'ry, both wounded and
(poor.)

He worthy is bless'd,
 By Spirits at rest,
 Who once in this Desert, his Godhead confess'd.

The heav'nly Spheres,
 Who saw him in Tears,
 Yea, ev'ry strong Angel his Person reveres.

The Prophets who told
 His Suff'rings of old,
 Sing now sweet Thanksgiving on Psalm's of
(Gold.)

The Fathers to whom
 He shew'd he would come,
 Now in his Pavilion, take up their long Home.

The Spirits of Men,
 Who for him were slain,
 From Abel the Righteous, share now in his
(Reign.)

The Apostles who stood,
 Resisting to Blood,
 For Jesus's Gospel, rejoice in their God.

The Confessors too,
 Them prostrating low,
 Cast down their bright Mitres, and thankfully
(bow.)

O Church of the Lamb,
 Here met do the same, (Name,
 With Saints, and with Angels, bless Jesus's

My Soul bear a Part,
For ransom'd thou art,
By Jesu's Blood-shedding, his Burial and
(Smart.)

To him that was slain,
The scorn'd Nazarene,
Be Glory and Honour, let all say Amen.

H Y M N XL.

J U D G E M E N T.

O he cometh ; countless Trumpets,
Blow before the bloody Sign,
'Midst ten thousand Saints and Angels,
See the Crucified shine.
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb !

Now his Merit, by the Harpers,
Thro' th' eternal Deep resounds :
Now resplendent shine his Nail-prints,
Ev'ry Eye shall see his Wounds ;
They who pierc'd him, they who pierc'd him,
(they who pierc'd him,
Shall, at his Appearing wail.

Ev'ry Island, Sea, and Mountain,
Heav'n and Earth, shall flee away ;
All, who hate him, must, ashamed,
Hear the Trump proclaim the Day.
Come to Judgment, come to Judgment, come
(to Judgment,
Stand before the Son of Man.

Saints, who love him, view his G'ory,
 Shining in his bruised Face,
 His dear Person on the Rainbow,
 Now his People's Head shall raise.
 Happy Mourners, happy Mourners, happy
 (Mourners,
 Lo, in Clouds, he comes, he comes.

Now Redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn Pomp appear;
 All his People, once despised,
 Now shall meet him in the Air,
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Now the promis'd Kingdom's come.

View him smiling, now determin'd
 Ev'ry Evil to destroy ;
 All the Nations now shall sing him
 Songs of everlasting Joy.
 O come quickly ! O come quickly ! O come
 (quickly !
 Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come.

H Y M N XLI.

CHRIST our Great High Priest.

A Good High Priest is come,
 Supplying Aaron's Place,
 And taking up his Room,
 Dispensing Life and Grace :

The Law by Aaron's Priesthood came,
But Grace and Truth by Jesu's Name.

My Lord a Priest is made,
As sware the mighty God,
To Isr'el and his Seed,
Ordain'd to offer Blood.

For Sinners who his Mercy seek,
A Priest, as was Melchisedec.

He once Temptations knew,
Of ev'ry Sort and Kind,
That he might Succour shew
To ev'ry tempted Mind ;
In ev'ry Point the Lamb was try'd
Like us, and then for us he dy'd.

He dies, but lives again,
And by the Altar stands ;
There shews how he was slain,
And op'ning his pierc'd Hands.
He 'bides a Priest, and pleads our Cause,
Transgressors of his righteous Laws.

I other Priests disclaim,
And Laws and Offerings too ;
None but the bleeding Lamb
The mighty Work can do :
He shall have all the Praise, for He
Alone, me lov'd, and dy'd for me.

H Y M N XLII.

At the Death of a Believer.

WHY do we mourn departing Friends,
Or shake at Death's Alarms ?
'Tis but the Voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his Arms.

Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as Time can move ?
Why should we wish the Hours more slow,
That keep us from our Love ?

Why should we tremble to convey
Their Bodies to the Tomb :
There the dear Flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a sweet Perfume.

The Graves of all his Saints he bless'd,
And soft'ned every Bed ;
Where should the dying Members rest,
But with their dying Head ?

Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our Feet the Way !
Up to the Lord our Flesh shall fly
At the great rising Day.

H Y M N XLIII.

Funeral.

TEACH me the Measure of my Days,
Thou Maker of my Frame ;
I would survey Life's narrow Space,
And learn how frail I am.

A Span is all that we can boast,
 An Inch or two of Time :
 Man is but Vanity and Dust
 In all his Flow'r and Prime.

See the vain Race of Mortals move,
 Like Shadows o'er the Plain,
 They rage and strive, desire and love,
 But all their Noise is vain.

Some walk in Honour's gaudy Show,
 Some dig for golden Ore :
 They toil for Heirs, they know not who,
 And strait are seen no more.

We are but Strangers here below,
 As all our Fathers were ;
 May we be well prepar'd to go,
 When we the Summons hear.

H Y M N XLIV.

The Same.

MY Soul, come meditate the Day,
 And think how near it stands,
 When thou must quit this House of Clay,
 And fly to unknown Lands.

Oh could we die with those that die,
 And plappy in their Stead !
 Then would the Spirits learn to fly,
 And converse with the Dead.

Then should we see the Saints above
 In their own glorious Forms,
 And wonder why our Souls should love
 To dwell with mortal Worms.

HYMN XLV.

A Funeral Hymn for a Believer.

'T IS finish'd ! 'tis done !
 The Spirit is fled,
 The Pris'ner is gone,
 The Christian is dead ;
 The Christian is living,
 In Jesus his Love,
 And gladly receiving
 A Kingdom above.

All Honour and Praise
 Are Jesus's Due ;
 Supported by Grace,
 He fought his Way thro' :
 Triumphanty glorious,
 Thro' Jesus's Zeal,
 And more than victorious,
 O'er Sin, Death, and Hell.

Then let us record
 The conqu'ring Name,
 Our Captain and Lord
 With Shoutings proclaim ;
 Who trust in his Passion,
 And follow our Head,
 To certain Salvation 1.
 We all shall be led.

O Jesus ! lead on
 Thy militant Care,
 And give us the Crown
 Of Righteousness there :

Where dazzl'd with Glory
 The Seraphim gaze,
 Or prostrate adore thee
 In Silence of Praise.

Come, Lord and display
 Thy Sign in the Sky,
 And bear us away
 To Mansions on high ;
 The Kingdom be giv'n,
 The Purchase divine,
 And crown us in Heav'n
 Eternally thine.

H Y M N - XLVI.

The Same.

HOSANNA to Jesus on high !
 Another is enter'd his Rest,
 Another is 'scap'd to the Sky,
 And lodg'd in Immanuel's Breast :
 The Soul of our Sister is gone
 To heighten the Triumph above,
 Exalted to Jesus's Throne,
 And clasp'd in the Arms of his Love.

How happy the Angels that fall
 Transported at Jesus's Name !
 The Saints whom he soonest shall call
 To share in the Feast of the Lamb !
 No longer imprison'd in Clay,
 Who next from his Dungeon shall fly ?
 Who first shall be summon'd away ?
 My merciful God—Is it I ?

O Jesus ! If this be thy Will,
 That suddenly I should depart,
 Thy Council of Mercy reveal,
 And whisper the Call to my Heart.
 O give me a Signal to know
 If soon thou would'st have me to move,
 And leave the dull Body below,
 And fly to the Regions of Love.

H Y M N XLVII.

The Same.

THANKS be to God, whose faithful Love
 Hath call'd another to his Breast :
 Translated him to Joys above,
 To Mansions of eternal Rest.

By minist'ring Spirits convey'd,
 Lodg'd in the Garner of the Sky,
 He rests, in Abraham's Bosom laid,
 He lives with God, no more to die.

O that we all may thus break thro',
 The Crown with holy Violence seize,
 The starry Crown to Conquest due,
 The Crown of Life and Righteousness !

Will not the righteous Judge bestow
 The Prize on all who seek him here ;
 And long, while sojourning below,
 To see their much-lov'd Lord appear ?

He will, (our Hearts cry out) he will
 These eager Wishes more than meet,

These infinite Desires fulfil,
And make our Happiness compleat.

O what a Soul o'erpow'ring Thought !
'Tis Extasy too great to bear !
We all at once shall be up-caught,
And meet our Jesus in the Air.

H Y M N XLVIII.

The Same.

A H ! lovely Appearance of Death,
No Sight upon Earth is so fair,
Not all the gay Pageants that breathe
Can with a dead Body compare.
With solemn Delight I survey
The Corps when the Spirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful Clay,
And longing to lie in his Stead.

How blest is our Brother, bereft,
Of all that could burthen his Mind ;
How easy the Soul that hath left
This wearisome Body behind !
Of Evil incapable thou,
Whose Relicks with Envy I see ;
No longer in Misery now,
No longer a Sinner like me.

This Earth is affected no more
With Sickness, or shaken with Pain ;
The War in the Members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again.

No Anger henceforward, or Shame,
 Shall reddens this innocent Clay :
Extinct is the Animal Flame,
 And Passion is vanish'd away.

This languishing Head is at Rest,
 Its Thinking and Aching are o'er ;
 This quiet immovable Breast
 Is heav'd by Affliction no more :
 This Heart is no longer the Seat
 Of Trouble and torturing Pain ;
 It ceases to flutter and beat,
 It never shall flutter again.

The Lids he so seldom could close,
 By Sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Seal'd up in eternal Repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep :
 The Fountains can yield no Supplies,
 These Hollows from Water are free !
 The Tears are all wip'd from these Eyes,
 And Evil they never shall see.

To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in a Prison I breathe,
 And still for Deliverance pine,
 And press to the Issues of Death ;
 What now with my Tears I bedew,
 O might I this Moment become,
 My Spirit created anew,
 My Flesh be confign'd to the Tomb !

HYMN XLIX.

The Same.

JESUS, come ! our dearest Jesus,
 Save us from the World beneath,
 From a Life of Pain release us,
 From a Life of daily Death :
 Listen to the ceaseless Moaning
 Of thy plaintive Turtle-Dove ;
 Answer, Lord, the Spirit's Groaning,
 Take us to our Church above.

Many a Soul is lodg'd before us,
 In the Garner of the Grave :
 Jesus, come ! to Life restore us,
 Us from all our Trouble save ;
 Us, in infinite Compassion,
 To our happier Friends unite,
 Raise us to our highest Station,
 Rank us with thy Saints in Light.

Still we bear about thy Dying,
 In our feeble Bodies here,
 Languishing for thee, and crying
 Light of Life in us appear :
 Take us to thy kind Embraces,
 To thy heav'ly Banquet lead ;
 Wipe the Sorrow from our Faces,
 Set the Crown upon our Head.

H Y M N L.

C H R I S T ' s Nativity.

ALL Glory to God, and Peace upon Earth,
Be publish'd abroad at Jesus's Birth ; -
The forfeited Favour of Heav'n we find
Restor'd in the Saviour and Friend of Mankind.

Then let us behold Messiah the Lord,
By Prophets foretold, by Angels ador'd ;
Our God's Incarnation with Angels proclaim,
And publish Salvation in Jesus's Name.

Our newly-born King by Faith we have seen,
And joyfully sing his Goodness to Men,
That all Men may wonder at what we impart,
And thankfully ponder his Love in their Heart.

What mov'd the Most High so greatly to stoop ?
He comes from the Sky, our Souls to lift up :
That Sinners, forgiven, might happy return
To God and to Heaven ; their Maker is born.

Immanuel's Love let Sinners confess,
Who comes from above to bring us his Peace ;
Let every Believer his Mercy adore,
And praise him for ever, when Time is no more.

H Y M N L I.

The Same.

A WAY with our Fears !
 The Godhead appears
 In Christ reconcil'd,
 The Father of Mercies in Jesus the Child.

He comes from above
 In manifest Love,
 The Desire of our Eyes,
 The meek Lamb of God, in a Manger he lies.

At Immanuel's Birth,
 What a Triumph on Earth !
 Yet could it afford
 No better a Place for its heav'nly Lord !

The Ancient of Days,
 To redeem a lost Race,
 From his Glory comes down
 Self-humbled, to carry us up to a Crown.

Made Flesh for our Sake,
 That we might partake
 The Nature Divine,
 And again in his Image his Holiness shine.

An heav'nly Birth
 Experience on Earth,
 And rise to his Throne,
 And live with our Jesus eternally one.

Then let us believe,
And gladly receive
The Tidings they bring,
Who publish to Sinners their Saviour and King.

And while we are here,
Our King shall appear ;
His Spirit impart,
And form his full Image of Love in our Heart.

H Y M N LII.

The Same.

COME, thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy People free ;
From our Fears and Sins release us,
Let us find our Rest in thee :
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the Earth thou art ;
Dear Desire of ev'ry Nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing Heart.

Born thy People to deliver,
Born a Child, and yet a King ;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious Kingdom bring :
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our Hearts alone ;
By thine all-sufficient Merit,
Raise us to thy glorious Throne.

H Y M N LIII.

The Same.

LET Angels and Archangels sing
The wonderful Immanuel's Name ;
Adore with us our new-born King,
And still the joyful News proclaim ;
All Earth and Heaven be ever join'd
To praise the Saviour of Mankind.

The everlasting God comes down,
To sojourn with the Sons of Men ;
Without his Majesty or Crown,
The great Invisible is seen ;
Of all his dazzling Glories shorn,
The everlasting God is born !

Angels, behold the Infant's Face,
With rapt'rous Awe the Godhead own ;
'Tis all your Heav'n on him to gaze,
And cast your Crowns before his Throne,
Tho' now he on his Footstool lies,
Ye know he built both Earth and Skies.

By him into Existence brought,
Ye sang the all-creating Word :
Ye heard him call our World from nought,
Again, in Honour of our Lord,
Ye Morning Stars, your Hymns employ,
And shout ye Sons of God for Joy.

H Y M N LIV.

C H R I S T ' s Incarnation.

ALL-wise, all-good, Almighty-Lord,
 Jesus, by highest Heav'n ador'd,
 Ere Time its Course began ;
 How did thy glorious Mercy stoop
 To take the fallen Nature up,
 When thou thyself wert Man !

Th' eternal God from Heav'n came down,
 The King of Glory dropt his Crown,
 And veiled his Majesty :
 Empty'd of all but Love he came :
 Jesus, I call thee by the Name,
 Thy Pity bore for me.

O holy Child, still let thy Birth
 Bring Peace to us poor Worms of Earth,
 And Praise to God on high !
 Come, thou who didst my Flesh assume,
 Now to the abject Sinner come,
 And in a Manger lie.

Didst thou not in thy Person join
 The Natures Human and Divine,
 That God and Men might be
 Henceforth inseparably one ?
 Haste thou, and make thy Nature known
 Incarnated in me.

In my weak sinful Flesh appear,
 O God be manifested here,
 Peace, Righteousness and Joy ;

Thy Kingdom, Lord, set up within
My waiting Heart, and all my Sin,
The Devil's Works destroy.

H Y M N L V.

Admiring CHRIST's Love.

YE Children of my God,
Ye dear peculiar Race,
Who're wash'd in Jesu's Blood,
And sav'd thro' Faith by Grace,
Attend and join to tell his Fame,
Whom John the Baptist call'd the Lamb.

From all Eternity
He lov'd the Sinner's Train,
His Love him forc'd to die,
Compell'd him to be slain :
For us, and in our Stead he stood,
With all his Garments roll'd in Blood.

His Heart he set on us
When we were Enemies ;
And on the accursed Crofs,
Amidst his Tears and Cries,
He pray'd for us, who us'd him so,
Father, they know not what they do !

He thought upon us when
The Blood ran from his Heart,
In all his Grief and Pain,
In all his Chiefest Smart,
Tho' we it caus'd, he all forgave,
And bore it that he might us save.

Still he remains the same,
His Foes he loves, and cries,

Believe ye in my Name,
 Lift up (ye Lost) your Eyes ;
 Behold me, and you yet shall live,
 I freely will Salvation give.

H Y M N LVI.

O Come let us join,
 In Music divine,
 The Saviour to laud,
 'Tis meet, and fit,
 It is charming, and perfectly Sweet,
 The Saviour to praise, our Lord and our God ;
 'Tis a Pleasure to sing
 Of a crucify'd King,
 With Courage and Flame,
 The Angels that love us,
 And Seraphs above us,
 Do always the same.
 Hark ! hark ! how they shout,
 All Heaven throughout,
 In sounding his Name.

Come all that are here,
 Your Thanksgiving rear,
 To Jesus your Chief ;
 'Tis good, we shou'd,
 It is lovely and better than Food,
 It raises our Joy, and banishes Grief ;
 Then in him we'll rejoice,
 Up to him lift our Voice,
 And Spirit within,
 Who lov'd us so greatly,
 To wash us completely
 From Guilt and from Sin.

Hark ! hark ! how they shout,
All Heaven throughout,

A Jesus divine !

He's worthy they Cry,
The Lamb that did die ;
So warbles their Tongue,
Let us, do thus,

It is comely his Praise to discuss,
A Theme ever proper by us to be sung ;
'Tis our Duty and Gain,
And it sha'n't be in vain,
His Praise to repeat,

Who Pardon dispenses,
For all our Offences,

Tho' ever so great.

Hark ! hark ! how they shout,
All Heaven throughout,

A Saviour Complete !

All Glory to him,
Who Souls does redeem,
From Converse unfit ;
Agree, do we,

It will ever becoming us be.

Hosanna to Jesus with Joy to transmit ;

To God's dear belov'd Son,
Be all Praise and Renown,
Dominion and Might,

Who Sinners embraces,
And fills them with Graces

To do what is right.

Hark ! hark ! how they shout,
All Heaven throughout,

The Morning-star bright.

Come sing him once more
(We may not give o'er)

For Sinners who pleads,
 Beguil'd, defil'd,
 And to bring them to God reconcil'd,
 He still interceeds, and always succeeds,
 This dear Saviour of Men,
 Let us sing once again.
 Who purges his own
 And makes them all glorious,
 And more than victorious,
 Then gives them a Crown.
 Hark ! hark ! how they shout,
 All Heaven throughout
 The Lamb on the Throne.
 To Father, and Son,
 And Dove, Three in One,
 Be Glory and Praise,
 By us, and those,
 Who in glorious celestial Repose,
 Do ceaseless their Songs of Thanksgiving raise :
 May the Three One be sung
 By each Cherubin-Tongue,
 Let no Tongue be mute,
 Join Beings celestial,
 And Beings terrestrial,
 The Great and Minute,
 Join all in one Choir,
 The Dove, Son, and Sire,
 With Praise to Salute.

H Y M N LVI.

Praise to CHRIST.

OFSPRING of David, David's Root ;
 Thou Jesse's Stem, and Jesse's Fruit ;
 To Thee propitious, Thee our King,
 The Tribute of our Hearts we bring.

While all thy Mercies we enjoy,
 Hymns shall our grateful Lips employ ;
 Beneath the Shadow of thy Wing
 We'd gladly wait, and love and sing.

Hasten the Time when we shall shine
 With Angels, and Archangels join ;
 With righteous Spirits gone before,
 For ever thy sweet Name t' adore.

With them our ravish'd Souls wou'd rest,
 And share with them thy Marriage Feast ;
 Among their Number, in their Lays,
 We'd pant to join, and thirst to praise.

And while our Souls are thus deny'd,
 Lest we should fall, or turn aside,
 Jesus, our kind Protection prove,
 And love us with eternal Love.

H Y M N L V I I I .
 M O R N I N G .

R ISE, my Soul ! adore thy Maker !
 Angels praise,
 Join thy Lays,
 With them be Partaker.

Father, Lord of ev'ry Spirit,
 In thy Light,
 Lead me right,
 Thro' my Saviour's Merit.

Never cast me from thy Presence,
 ' I ill my Soul
 Shall be full
 Of thy blessed Essence.

For Sinners who pleads,
 Beguil'd, defil'd,
 And to bring them to God reconcil'd,
 He still interceeds, and always succeeds,
 This dear Saviour of Men,
 Let us sing once again.
 Who purges his own
 And makes them all glorious,
 And more than victorious,
 Then gives them a Crown.
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 All Heaven throughout
 The Lamb on the Throne.

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 By us, and those,
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 In thy Light,
 Lead me right,
 Thro' my Saviour's Merit.

Never cast me from thy Presence,
 ' I ill my Soul
 Shall be full
 Of thy blessed Essence.

Q

O my Jesus, God Almighty,
 Pray for me,
 'Till I see
 Thee in Salem's City.

Holy Ghost, by Jesus given,
 Be my Guide,
 Lest my Pride
 Shut me out of Heaven.

Thou this Night wast my Protector,
 With me stay
 All the Day
 Ever my Director.

Holy, holy, holy Giver
 Of all Good,
 Life and Food,
 Reign ador'd for ever !

Grace before Meat.

BE present at our Table Lord,
 Be here and ev'ry where ador'd ;
 These Creatures bless, and grant that we
 May Feast in Paradise with thee.

After Meat.

WE thank thee Lord for this our Food,
 But more because of Jesu's Blood ;
 Let Manna to our Souls be given,
 The Bread of Life sent down from Heaven.

H Y M N LIX.
E V E N I N G.

ERE I sleep, for ev'ry Favour
This Day shew'd,
By my God,
I will bless my Saviour.

O my Lord what shall I render
To thy Name,
Still the same,
Gracious, good and tender ?

Leave me not, but ever love me ;
Let thy Peace
Be my Blis,
Till thou hence remoye me.

Visit me with thy Salvation ;
Let thy Care
Now be near,
Round my Habitation.

Thou my Rock, my Guard, my Tow'r,
Safely keep
While I sleep,
Me with all thy Pow'r.

So whene'er in Death I slumber,
Let me rise
With the Wise,
Counted in their Number !

H Y M N LX.

Glorying in the Cross.

WHEN I survey the wond'rous Cross,
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
My richest Gain I count but Loss,
And poor Contempt on all my Pride.

Forbid it Lord that I should boast,
Save in the Death of Christ, my God :
All the vain Things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his Blood.

See from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such Love and Sorrow meet,
Or Thorns compose so rich a Crown ?

Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,
That were a Present far too small :
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

H Y M N LXI.

After Sermon.

OJesu, our Lord,
Thy Name be ador'd
For all the rich Blessings convey'd thro' thy
(Word.
In Spirit we trace,
Thy Wonders of Grace,
And cheerfully join in a Concert of Praise.

The Ancient of Days
 His Glory displays,
 And shines on his chosen with cherishing
 (Rays.)

The Trumpet of God,
 Is sounding abroad,
 The Language of Mercy, Salvation thro'
 (Blood.)

Thrice happy are they
 Who hear and obey,
 And share in the Blessings of this Gospel-Day.

The People who know,
 The Saviour below,
 With burning Affection to worship him glow.

This Blessing be mine,
 Thro' Favour divine :
 But, O my Redeemer, the Glory be thine.

H Y M N LXII.

JESU, shew us thy Salvation,
 (In thy Strength we strive with thee)
 By thy mystic Incarnation,
 By thy pure Nativity :
 Save us thou our new Creator,
 Into all our Souls impart
 Thy divine and holy Nature,
 Form thyself within our Heart.

By thy first Blood-shedding heal us ;
 Cut us off from ev'ry Sin ;
 By thy Circumcision seal us,
 Write thy Law of Love within.

By thy Spirit circumcise us,
 Kindle in our Hearts a Flame ;
 By thy Baptism baptise us
 Into all thy glorious Name.

By thy Fasting and Temptation,
 Mortify our vain Desires,
 Take away what Sense or Passion,
 Appetite or Flesh requires ;
 Arm us with thy Self-denial,
 Ev'ry tempted Soul defend ;
 Save us in the fiery Trial :
 Make us faithful to the End.

By thy great and bitter Passion,
 By thy Suffering on the Tree,
 Save us from the Indignation
 Due to all Mankind and me ;
 Hanging, bleeding, panting, dying,
 Gasping out thy latest Breath ;
 By thy precious Death's applying,
 Save us from eternal Death.

By the Pomp of thine ascending,
 Live we here to Heaven restor'd,
 Live in Pleasures never ending,
 Share the Portion of our Lord ;
 Let us have our Conversation
 With the blessed Spirits above ;
 Sav'd with all thy great Salvation,
 Perfectly renew'd in Love.

HYMN LXIII.

CHRIST's Second Coming.

HE comes ! he comes ! the Judge severe :
 The seventh Trumpet speaks him near !
 The Lightnings flash, the Thunders roll,
 He's welcome to the faithful Soul,
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
 welcome to the faithful Soul.

From Heav'n angelic Voices sound,
 See the Almighty Jesus crown'd !
 Girt with Omnipotence and Grace,
 And Glory decks the Saviour's Face,
 Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory decks
 the Saviour's Face !

Descending on his Azure Throne,
 He claims the Kingdoms for his own ;
 The Kingdoms all obey his Word,
 And hail him their triumphant Lord,
 Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him, hail
 him, their triumphant Lord.

Shout all the People of the Sky,
 And all the Saints of the Most High ;
 Our God, who now his Right obtains,
 For ever and for ever Reigns,
 Ever, ever, ever, ever and for ever Reigns.

The Father bless, the Son adore,
 The Spirit praise for evermore ;

Salvation's glorious Work is done,
 We welcome, Thee Great Three in One:
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome
 Thee Great Three in One.

H Y M N LXIV.

The B A C K S L I D E R.

JESU, let thy pitying Eye
 Call back a wand'ring Sheep ;
 False to thee, like PETER, I
 Would fain like PETER weep.
 Let me be by Grace restor'd,
 On me, be all Long-suffering shewn !
 Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
 Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
 And break my Heart of Stone,
 And break my Heart of Stone.

SAVIOUR, Prince, enthron'd above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, thro' thy dying Love,
 The humble contrite Heart :
 Give me, what I have long implor'd,
 The Blessing of thy Grief unknown ;
 Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
 Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
 And break my Heart of Stone,
 And break my Heart of Stone.

See me, SAVIOUR, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die,
 Life, and Happiness, and Love,
 Drop from thy gracious Eye ;

Speak the reconciling Word,
 And let thy Mercy melt me down ;
 Turn, and look upon me, **LORD**,
 Turn, and look upon me, **LORD**,
 And break my Heart of Stone,
 And break my Heart of Stone.

Look, as when thy Grace beheld
 The Harlot in Distress,
 Dry'd her Tears, her Pardon seal'd,
 And bade her go in Peace :
 Foul, like her, and self-abhorr'd,
 I at thy Feet for Mercy groan :
 Turn, and look upon me, **LORD**,
 Turn, and look upon me, **LORD**.
 And break my Heart of Stone,
 And break my Heart of Stone.

Look as when condemn'd for them,
 Thou did'st thy Followers see,
 " Daughters of Jerusalm,
 " Weep for Yourselves not Me."
 Am I by my God deplor'd,
 And shall I not myself bemoan ?
 Turn, and look upon me, **LORD**,
 Turn, and look upon me, **LORD**,
 And break my Heart of Stone,
 And break my Heart of Stone.

Look as when thy pitious Eye
 Was clos'd that we might live,
 " Father (at the Point to die)
 My Saviour gasp'd, " Forgive."
 Surely with that dying Word,
 He turns and looks, and cry'd, " 'Tis done!"

O my Bleeding, loving, **LORD**,
*O my Bleeding, loving **LORD**,*
 This breaks my Heart of Stone,
This breaks my Heart of Stone.

HYMN LXV.

An HYMN to the TRINITY.

COME, thou Almighty King,
 Help us thy Name to sing,
 Help us to praise !
FATHER All-glorious,
 O'er all victorious !
 Come and reign over us,
ANCIENT OF DAYS.

JESUS our **LORD**, arise,
 Scatter our Enemies,
 And make them fall !
 Let thine Almighty Aid
 Our sure Defence be made,
 Our Souls on thee be stay'd ;
 Lord hear our Call !

Come Thou Incarnate **WORD**,
 Gird on thy mighty **Sword**—
 Our Pray'r attend !
 Come ! and thy People bless,
 And give thy **Word** Success,
SPirit of Holiness,
 On us descend !

Come, Holy **COMFORTER**,
 'Thy sacred Witness bear

In this glad Hour !
 Thou who Almighty art,
 Now rule in ev'ry Heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 SPIRIT OF POW'R !

To the Great ONE IN THREE
 Eternal Praises be
 Hence—evermore !
 His Sov'reign Majesty
 May we in Glory see,
 And to Eternity
 Love and adore !

HYMN LXVI.

Christ the Believer's Refuge and Portion.

GESU, lover of my Soul,
 Let me to thy Bosom fly,
 While the nearer Waters roll,
 While the Tempest still is high ;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 'Till the Storm of Life is past ;
 Safe into the Haven guide,
 O receive my Soul at last !

Other Refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless Soul on thee,
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my Trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my Help from thee I bring,
 Cover my defenceless Head
 With the Shadow of thy Wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 More than All in thee I find ;
 Raise the Fallen, cheer the Faint ;
 Heal the Sick, and lead the Blind ;
 Just and holy is thy Name,
 I am all Unrighteousness !
 Vile and full of Sin I am,
 Thou art full of Truth and Grace.

Plenteous Grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my Sin :
 Let the healing Streams abound,
 Make, and keep me pure within ;
 Thou of Life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee,
 Spring thou up within my Heart,
 Rise to all eternity !

H Y M N LXVII.

Desiring to praise worthily.

COME thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing !
 Tune my Heart to sing thy Grace !
 Streams of Mercy never ceasing,
 Call for Songs of loudest Praise ;
 Teach me some melodious Sonnet,
 Sung by flaming Tongues above ;
 Praise the Mount—I'm fixt upon it,
 Mount of God's unchanging Love !

Here I raise my *Eben-Ezer*,
 Hither by thine Help I'm come ;
 And I hope by thy good Pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at Home :

Jesus sought me, when a Stranger,
 Wand'ring from the Fold of God ;
 He, to rescue me from Danger,
 Interpos'd with precious Blood.

O ! to Grace, how great a Debtor,
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
 Let that Grace, now like a Fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring Heart to thee !
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love —
 Here's my Heart — O take and seal it !
 Seal it from thy Courts above !

H Y M N . LXVIII.

Adoring free and sovereign Mercy.

O Lord, how great's the Favour !
 That we such Sinners poor,
 Can thro' thy Blood's sweet Savour,
 Approach thy Mercy's Door ;
 And find an open Passage
 Unto the Throne of Grace,
 There wait the welcome Message
 That bids us go in Peace.

Lord, we are helpless Creatures,
 Full of the deepest Need,
 Throughout defil'd by Nature,
 Stupid and inly dead ;
 Our Strength is perfect Weakness,
 And all we have is Sin :
 Our Hearts are all Uncleanness,
 A Den of Thieves within.

In this forlorn Condition,
 Who shall afford us Aid ?
 Where shall we find Compassion,
 But in the Church's Head ?
 Jesus thou art all Pity,
 Oh take us to thine Arms,
 And exercise thy Mercy
 To save us from all Harms.

We'll never cease repeating
 Our numberless Complaints,
 But ever be entreating
 The glorious King of Saints
 'Till we attain the Image
 Of him we only Love,
 And pay our grateful Homage
 With all the Saints above.

Then we with all in Glory,
 Shall thankfully relate,
 Th' amazing pleasing Story
 Of Jesu's Love so great !
 In this blest Contemplation
 We shall for ever dwell ;
 And prove such Consolation,
 As none below can tell.

H Y M N LXIX.

Leaning on the Beloved.

MY most indulgent Saviour,
 I long thy Love to find,
 To triumph in thy Favour,
 And know thy Spirit's Mind ;

This Grace to me be giv'n,
 I nothing more request !
 I ask no other Heav'n
 Then leaning on thy Breast.

The Place of John I covet
 More than a Seraph's Throne,
 To rest in my beloved
 And breathe my final Groan.
 On thee alone relying
 To lose my Sin and Pain,
 And on thy Bosom dying
 My Life eternal gain.

Then I with all in Glory
 Shall thankfully relate,
 Th' amazing pleasing Story
 Of Jesu's Love so great :
 In this blest Contemplation,
 May I for ever dwell,
 And share such Consolation,
 As none below can tell.

H Y M N LXX.

Gratitude.

WHAT shall we render unto thee,
 Thouglorious Lord of Life and Pow'r ?
 Teach us to bow the humble knee,
 Teach us with Thankfulness t' adore,
 To praise thee as thy Saints above,
 To praise thee for thy wond'rous Love.

When like lost Sheep we wander'd wide,
 And left the watchful Shepherd's Eye ;

When borne along th' impetuous Tide
 Of this World's Sin and Vanity :
 Then Jesus from the Heav'ns came down,
 To save us by his Grace alone.

He bore our Sins upon the Tree,
 To seek and save the Lost he came,
 There was he bound to set us free,
 From Death and everlasting Shame ;
 The captive Flock from Hell was freed,
 And ransom'd when their Shepherd bled.

Before the Father's awful Throne,
 Our merciful High-Priest yet stands,
 And interceding for his own,
 The purchas'd Remnant now demands ;
 His People's everlasting Friend,
 Who loving—loves them to the End !

May we his banish'd Ones rejoice,
 Him for our Lord and God to own,
 To take him as our only Choice,
 And cleave to him in Love alone ;
 Still growing up in Holiness,
 'Till call'd to meet in Realms of Bliss,

Then shall our grateful Songs abound,
 And ev'ry Tear be wip'd away ;
 No Sin, no Sorrow shall be found,
 No Night o'ercloud the endless Day,
 O praise him ! all beneath, above !
 O praise him ! praise the God of Love !

H Y M N LXXI.

Before Sermon.

NOW begin the heav'nly Theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesu's Name,
 Ye who Jesu's Kindness prove,
 Triumph in Redeeming Love.

Ye who see the Father's Grace,
 Beaming in the Saviour's Face,
 As to Canaan on ye move,
 Praise and bless Redeeming Love.

Mourning Souls, dry up your Tears,
 Banish all your guilty Fears,
 See your Guilt and Curse remove,
 Cancell'd by Redeeming Love.

Ye, alas ! who long have been
 Willing Slaves of Death and Sin ;
 Now from Bliss no longer rove,
 Stop—and taste Redeeming Love.

Welcome all by Sin opprest,
 Welcome to his sacred Rest,
 Nothing brought him from above ;
 Nothing but Redeeming Love.

He subdu'd th' infernal Pow'rs,
 Those tremendous Foes of ours,
 From their cursed Empire drove,
 Mighty in Redeeming Love.

Hither then your Music bring,
 Strike aloud each chearful String,
 Mortals join the Hosts above,
 Join to praise Redeeming Love.

H Y M N LXXII.

Panting after JESUS.

THOU Shepherd of Isr'el divine,
 The Joy of the Upright in Heart,
 For closer Communion they pine,
 Still, still to reside where thou art ;
 The Pasture, O ! when shall we find,
 Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
 Are fed on thy Bosom reclin'd,
 Are skreen'd from the Heat of the Day.

Ah ! shew us that happiest Place,
 That Place of thy People's abode,
 Where Saints in an Extasy gaze,
 And hang on a crucify'd God :
 Thy Love for lost Sinners declare,
 Thy Passion and Death on the Tree,
 Our Spirits to Calvary bear,
 To suffer and triumph with thee.

'Tis there with the Lambs of thy Flock,
 There only we'd covet to rest,
 To lie at the Foot of the Rock,
 Or rise to be hid in thy Breast ;
 'Tis there we would always abide,
 And never a Moment depart,
 Conceal'd in the Cleft of thy Side,
 Eternally held in thy Heart.

H Y M N LXXIII.

Giving up the Heart to the L O R D.

TAKE my poor Heart, just as it is,
Set up therein thy Throne ;
So shall I love Thee above all,
And live to thee alone.

Compleat thy Work, and crown thy Grace,
That I may faithful prove,
And listen to that small still Voice,
Which only whispers Love :

Which teaches me what is thy Will,
And tells me what to do ;
Which covers me with Shame, when I
Do not thy Will pursue.

This Unction may I ever feel,
This Teaching from my Lord,
And learn Obedience to thy Voice,
Thy Soul-reviving Word !

H Y M N LXXIV.

Praising the Glory of the Grace of God.

GRACE, how exceeding sweet to those
Who feel they Sinners are !
Sunk and distrest, they taste and know
Their Heav'n is only there !

Thus Grace, free Grace most sweetly calls,
“ Directly come, who will ;
“ Just as you are ; for Christ receives
“ Poor helpless Sinners still ?”

We thirst, O Lord ! give us each Day,
 To taste more of this *Grace* ;
 More of that Stream, which from the Rock
 Flow'd thro' the Wilderness.

Where'er eternal Life is given,
 This Thirst the same will be !
 The Heart will after Jesus pant.
 To all Eternity.

'Tis *Grace* alone that feeds our Souls,
Grace keeps us inly poor ;
 And, Oh ! that nothing else but *Grace*
 May rule for evermore !

H Y M N LXXV.

Infinitely condescending Love.

LOVE brought down God's dear only Son,
 Into a Virgin's Womb,
 Love nail'd him to th' accursed Tree,
 And laid him in a Tomb.

Thro' ev'ry Action, suff'ring too,
 The Law of Kindness reign'd,
 Love op'd those gasty Wounds thro' which
 His precious Life was drain'd.]

Love took him to his Father's Throne,
 There to prepare us Room,
 And Love will bring him down again,
 To fetch us to his Home.

H Y M N LXXVI.

SON of God ! thy Blessing grant,
Still supply our ev'ry Want,
Tree of Life thine Influence shed,
With thy Sap our Spirits feed !

Tend'rest Branch, alas ! am I,
Wither without thee, and die ;
Weak as helpless Infancy—
O confirm our Souls in thee !

Unsustain'd by thee we fall !
Send the Strength for which we call !
Weaker than a bruised Reed,
Help we ev'ry Moment need.

All our Hope on thee depend,
Love us ! save us to the End !
Give us the continuing Grace—
Take the everlasting Praise !

H Y M N LXXVII.

CHRIST the Believer's Refuge.

IN ev'ry Trouble sharp and strong,
My Soul to Jesus flies,
My Anchor-hold is firm in him,
When swelling Billows rise.

His Comforts bear my Spirits up,
I trust a faithful God,
The sure Foundation of my Hope,
Is in a Saviour's Blood.

Loud Hallelujah's sing my Soul
 To thy Redeemer's Name,
 In Joy, in Sorrow, Life and Death,
 His Love is still the same.

H Y M N LXXVIII.

2 Kings x. 15.

Heaven on Earth.

COME let us ascend,
 My Companion and Friend,
 To taste of the Banquet above ;
 If thine Heart be as mine,
 If far Jesus it pine,
 Come up into the Chariot of Love.

Who in Jesus confide,
 They are bold to outlive,
 The Storms of Affliction beneath :
 With the Prophet they soar
 To the heav'nly Shore,
 And outfly all the Arrows of Death.

By Faith we are come
 To our permanent Home,
 By Hope we the Rapture improve ;
 By Love we still rise,
 And look down on the Skies,
 For the Heaven of Heavens is Love !

Who on Earth can conceive,
 How happy we live,
 In the City of God the great King !
 What a Concert of Praise,
 When our Jesus's Grace,
 The whole heav'nly Company sing !

What a rapturous Song,
 When the glorify'd Throng
 In the Spirit of Harmony join ;
 Join all the glad Choirs,
 Hearts, Voices, and Lyres,
 And the Burden is Mercy divine !

Hallelujah they cry,
 To the King of the Sky,
 To the great everlasting I AM !
 To the Lamb that was slain,
 And liveth again,
 Hallelujah to God and the Lamb !

H Y M N LXXIX.

Before Sacrament.

Faithful Bridegroom, holy Lamb !
 By thy Church beloved,
 Manifest thy sweetest Name,
 To each Heart approved.

Crown this Ordinance of thine
 With a solemn Blessing ;
 Let our Feast be all divine,
 Each thyself possessing !

Let thy Flesh afford us Food,
 Ev'ry Grace to strengthen ;
 Let our Drink be Jesu's Blood,
 Nature's Pow'r to weaken.

Cause that bleeding Sacrifice
 Once for Sinners given,
 To appear before our Eyes,
 Earnest of our Heaven !

We partake the Bread and Wine,
 Seals of our Profession ;
 Of the inward Grace the Sign,
 Symbols of thy Passion.

We commemorate thy Death,
 While we are receiving,
 Feeding in our Hearts by Faith,
 With unfeign'd Thanksgiving.

May we thus our Time employ,
 While below we tarry !
 'Till our Souls t' unfading Joy,
 Angels come to carry.

H Y M N LXXX.

After the Sacrament.

LORD accept our feeble Praise
 For the Banquet given ;
 Tho' unworthy, we would raise
 Hearts and Hands to Heaven.

Of the Streams of Grace divine
 We have now been tasting ;
 On the Bread and mystic Wine,
 With rich Comfort feasting.

Meat indeed thy Flesh we find,
 Drink thy Blood so precious ;
 Jesus, Saviour, thou art kind,
 Merciful and gracious !

On our guilty Souls thy Rod
 Fall with gentle Chidings ;
 And thou healest with thy Blood,
 All our great Backslidings.

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May we to thy bleeding Cross,
 Soul and Body fasten ;
 All for Jesus count but Loss,
 To his Coming hasten !

Take our Hearts so often blest,
 Yet so oft rebelling :
 Let them on thy Bosom rest,
 In thy Wounds still dwelling !

Now, O Lord, that we have fed
 On thy Body broken,
 Bruise within the *Serpent's Head*,
 Of thy Love the Token.

None from Trials are below
 Totally exempted,
 All-sufficient Grace bestow,
 Succour, Lord, the tempted !

Guard us from the Tempter's Wiles,
 From the Sin of Judas ;
 From the World's deceitful Smiles,
 Till to Heav'n thou lead us.

H Y M N LXXXI.

Ascribing all Glory to God for every
 Mercy.

GLORY to our gracious Donor,
 For his Mercies ever new !
 His alone be all the Honour !
 Nothing we confess our Due :
O the ceaseless Mercies flowing
 From thy Grace's boundless Store !—
 May our thankful Hearts be glowing
 With thy Love, still more and more !

Thy kind Hand hath oft' afforded
 To our Wants a rich Supply ;
 We are ev'ry Day supported
 By thy providential Eye.
 May we, Lord, as some Requital,
 Thankful Hearts to Jesus raise,
 In his wond'rous Love's Recital :
 Consecrate to him our Days !

Thou, an Hunger hast created
 In our Hearts for living Bread ;
 May it never be abated,
 'Till our precious Souls are fed !
 Open Lord the Ark, where hidden
 Jesus, our true Manna lies ;
 Are not hungry Spirits bidden
 To that Feast of Paradise ?

O thou Friend of Sinners, pity
 Thirsty Travellers, who go
 To an unseen distant City,
 Thro' a parched Vale below !
 O supply each fainting Spirit,
 With the Streams of purest Love :
 'Till our Canaan we inherit,
 In thy Fulness lost above !

H Y M N LXXXII.

For Easter Day.

HE dies ! the Friend of Sinners dies !
 Lo Salem's Daughters weep around !
 A solemn Darknes veils the Skies !
 A sudden Trembling shakes the Ground !

Come, Saints, and drop a Tear or two,
 For him who groan'd beneath your Load !
 He shed a thousand Drops for you !
 A thousand Drops of richer Blood !

Here's Love and Grief beyond Degree,
 The Lord of Glory dies for Men !
 But lo ! what sudden Joys we see !
 Jesus the Dead revives again !
 The rising God forsakes the Tomb !
 The Tomb in vain forbids his rise !
 Cherubic Legions guard him Home,
 And shout him welcome to the Skies !

Break off your Tears ye Saints ! and tell
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns !
 Sing how he spoil'd the Hosts of Hell,
 And led the Monster Death in Chains :
 Say, " Live for ever, wond'rous King !"
 " Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
 Then ask the Monster—" Where's thy Sting ?
 "And where's thy Victory boasting Grave ?"

H Y M N LXXXIII.

The Efficacy of the precious Blood of JESUS.

IS there a Thing that moves and breaks,
 A Heart as hard as Stone,
 Or warms a Heart as cold as Ice ?
 'Tis Jesu's Blood alone !

One Drop of this can truly chear,
 And heal the wounded Soul ;
 What Multitudes of broken Hearts
 This living Stream makes whole !

Hark ! O my Soul ! What sing the Choirs
 Around the glorious Throne !
 Hark ! the *slain Lamb* for evermore,
 Sounds in the sweetest Tone :
 The Elders there cast down their Crowns,
 And all, both Night and Day,
 Sing Praise to him who shed his Blood,
 And wash'd their Guilt away.

And this while here, will we proclaim,
 Chearful in our Degree,
 That thro' the Blood of God's dear Lamb,
 Sinners may pardon'd be ;
 But thou, O Lord ! make ev'ry Day,
 Thy Grace to us more sweet,
 'Till we behold thy wounded Side,
 And worship at thy Feet.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

The Year of Jubilee.

BLOW ye the Trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn Sound ;
 Let all the Nations know,
 To Earth's remotest Bound,
 The Year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd Sinners, Home !

The Gospel Trumpet hear,
 The News of heav'nly Grace ;
 Ye happy Souls draw near,
 Behold your Saviour's Face ;
 The Year of Jubilee is come,
 Return to your eternal Home !

Jesus our great High Priest
 Hath full Atonement made ;
 Ye weary Spirits rest,
 Ye mourning Souls be glad !
 The Year of Jubilee is come,
 Return, ye ransom'd Sinners, Home !

Extol the Lamb of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb ;
 Redemption in his Blood
 Throughout the World proclaim,
 The Year of Jubilee is come,
 Return to your eternal Home !

H Y M N LXXXV.

They shall look on me whom they have
 pierced, and mourn.—Zach. xii. 10.

LADEN with Guilt, Sinners arise,
 And view your bleeding Sacrifice ;
 Each purple Drop proclaims there's Room,
 And bids the Poor and Needy come !

Beneath your Crimes the Victim stood ;
 Sign'd your Acquittances in Blood ;
 Hereby stern Justice is appeas'd ;
 Sinners, look up, and be releas'd !

Mercy, Truth, Peace and Righteousness,
 Beam from the Reconciler's Face ;
 Here look, 'till Love dissolve your Heart,
 And bid your slavish Fears depart.

Oh ! quit the World's delusive Charms,
 And quickly fly to Jesu's Arms ;
 Wrestle until your God is known,
 Till you can call the Lord your own.

H Y M N LXXXVI.

PSALM C.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful Throne,
 Ye Nations bow with sacred Joy,
 Know that the Lord is God alone,
 He can create, and he destroy !

His sov'reign Power, without our Aid,
 Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men ;
 And when like wand'ring Sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his Fold again !

We'll croud thy Gates with thankful Songs,
 High as the Heav'ns our Voices raise ;
 And Earth with her ten thousand Tongues,
 Shall fill thy Courts with sounding Praise.

Wide as the World is thy Command ;
 Vast as Eternity thy Love !
 Firm as a Rock thy Truth must stand,
 When rolling Years shall cease to move !

H Y M N LXXXVII.

Isaiah iv. 1. &c.

HO ! every one that thirsts, draw nigh,
('Tis God invites the fallen Race)
Mercy, and free Salvation buy,
Buy Wine, and Milk, and Gospel Grace.

Come to the living Waters, come,
Sinners obey your Maker's Call,
Return, ye weary Wand'rers Home,
And find my Grace reach'd out to all.

See, from the Rock a Fountain rise,
For you in healing Streams it rolls,
Money ye need not bring, nor Price,
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick Souls ?

Nothing ye in Exchange shall give,
Leave all you have, and are, behind,
Frankly the Gift of God receive,
Pardon and Peace in Jesus find.

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy.

THERE is a Land of pure Delight,
Where Saints immortal reign;
Infinite Day excludes the Night,
And Pleasure banish Pain.

There everlasting Springs abides,
And never with'ring Flow'rs ;

Death, like a narrow Sea, divides
This heav'nly Land from ours.

Sweet Fields beyond the swelling Flood,
Stand dress'd in living Green,
So to the Jews old Canaan stood
While Jordan roll'd between.

But tim'rous Mortal start and shrink.
To cross this narrow Seā,
And linger, shiv'ring on the Brink,
Afraid to launch away.

Oh ! could we make our Doubts remove,
Those gloomy Doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded Eyes.

Could we but climb, where Moses stood,
And view the Landskip o'er,
Not Jordan's Stream, nor Death's cold Flood,
Should fright us from the Shore.

H Y M N LXXXIX.

The supposed Song of a Soul just en-
tered Heaven.

WHY was unbelieving I,
Trembling so afraid to die !
Now my Feet in Safety stand,
Here within the proms'd Land.

Hallelujah.

O what wond'rous Grace is here !
Now I'm safe from ev'ry Fear,

Sin and Doubts are ever gone,
Sighing shall no more be known,

Hallelujah.

Henceforth, neither Grief nor Pain,
Here successive Pleasures reign ;
All Things our Hosannahs raise,
O the Glories of this Place !

Hallelujah.

O ye perfect happy Ones,
Let me try to join your Tunes !
Come let us exalt the Lamb,
Singing ever to his Name.

Hallelujah.

He our full Redemption wrought,
He for us this Glory bought,
From the Earth he calls us Home,
To our Father's House we're come.

Hallelujah.

Oft in Kedar's Tents I try'd,
When my God his Face did hide,
With my Friends to raise this Song,
But it languish'd on my Tongue.

Hallelujah.

Jesus now unveils his Face ;
Here I shout of Sov'reign Grace
Fill'd with Love incessant cry
To his Praise in Raptures high.

Hallelujah.

O my drooping Friends below,
Did you half this Glory know,

Daily would you stretch the Wing,
Here to fly, and thus to sing.

Hallelujah.

H Y M N XC.

C H R I S T All in All.

I'VE found the Pearl of greatest Price,
My Heart doth sing for Joy :
And sing I must, a Christ I have,
O what a Christ have I !

My Christ, he is the Lord of Lords,
He is the King of Kings ;
He is the Sun of Righteousness
With Healing in his Wings.

Christ is my Meat, Christ is my Drink,
My Physic, and my Health ;
My Peace, my Strength, my Joy, my Crown,
My Glory, and my Wealth.

Christ is my Father and my Friend,
My Brother, and my Love ;
My Head, my Hope, my Counsellor,
My Advocate above.

My Christ he is the Heaven of Heaven,
My Christ what shall I call ?
My Christ is first, my Christ is last,
My Christ is All in All.

All Glory to the God of Love,
One God in Persons Three ;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One equal Glory be.

HYMN XCI.

The Same.

MY God, my Life, my Love,
 To thee, to Thee I call,
 I cannot live if thou remove,
 For thou art All in All.

Thy shining Grace can cheer,
 This Dungeon where I dwell ;
 'Tis Paradise when thou art here,
 If thou depart, 'tis Hell.

The Smilings of thy Face,
 How amiable they are ?
 'Tis Heaven to rest in thine Embrace,
 And no where else but there.

To thee, and thee alone,
 The Angels owe their Bliss ;
 They sit around thy gracious Throne,
 And dwell where Jesus is.

Not all the Harps above
 Can make a heav'nly Place,
 If God his Residence remove,
 Or but conceal his Face :

Nor Earth, nor all the Sky,
 Can one Delight afford ;
 No, not a Drop of real Joy,
 Without thy Presence, Lord.

Thou art the Sea of Love
 Where all my Pleasures roll,

The Circle where my Passions move
And Centre of my Soul.

To thee my Spirits fly
With infinite Desire,
And yet how far from thee I lie ;
Dear Jesus raise me nigher.

H Y M N XCII.

CHRIST Precious to a Believer.

JESUS, I love thy charming Name,
'Tis Music to my Ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That Earth and Heav'n might hear.

Yes, thou art precious to my Soul,
My Transport, and my Trust ;
Jewels to thee are gaudy Toys,
And Gold is sordid Dust.

All my capacious Pow'r can wish
In thee most richly meet ;
Nor to my Eyes is Life so dear,
Nor Friendship half so sweet.

O may thy Grace still cheer my Heart ;
And shed its Fragrance there !
The noblest Balm of all its Wounds,
The Cordial of its Care.

I'll speak the Honours of thy Name
With my last lab'ring Breath :
When Speechless, clasp thee in my Arms,
My Joy in Life and Death !

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HYMN XCIII.

CHRIST our Righteousness.

JESU, thy Blood and Righteousness,
 My Beauty are, my glorious Dress,
 'Midst flaming Worlds in these array'd,
 With Joy shall I lift up my Head.

When from the Dust of Death I rise,
 To claim my Mansion in the Skies ;
 Ev'n then shall this be all my Plea,
 " Jesus hath Liv'd, hath Dy'd for me."

Bold shall I stand in that great Day,
 For who ought to my Charge shall lay ?
 Fully thro' thee absolv'd I am
 From Sin and Fear, from Guilt and Shame.

Thus Abraham, the Friend of God,
 Thus all the Armies bought with Blood,
 Saviour of Sinners thee proclaim :
 Sinners, of whom the Chief I am.

This spotless Robe the same appears,
 When ruin'd Nature sinks in Years ;
 No Age can change its glorious Hue,
 The Grace of Christ is ever new.

O let the Dead now hear thy Voice,
 Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice,
 Their Beauty this, their glorious Dress,
 Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

H Y M N X C I V .

A divine Rapture.

FROM thee, my God, my Joys shall rise,
 And run eternal Rounds,
 Beyond the Limits of the Skies,
 And all created Bounds.

The holy Triumph of my Soul,
 Shall Death it self out-brave,
 Leave dull Mortality behind,
 And fly beyond the Grave.

There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
 In Heav'n's unmeasur'd Space,
 I'll spend a long Eternity,
 In Pleasure and in Praise.

Millions of Years my wond'ring Eyes
 Shall o'er thy Beauties rove,
 And endless Ages I'll adore
 The Glories of thy Love.

Sweet Jesus, ev'ry Smile of thine
 Shall fresh Endearments bring,
 And thousand Tastes of new Delight,
 From all thy Graces spring.

Haste, my Beloved, fetch my Soul
 Up to thy bleſſ'd Abode :
 Fly, for my Spirit longs to see
 My Saviour, and my God.

HYMN XCV.

GOD our only Happiness.

MY God, my Portion, and my Love,
My everlasting All ;
I've none but thee in Heav'n above,
Or on this Earthly Ball.

What empty Things are all the Skies,
And this inferior Clod !

There's nothing here deserves my Joys,
There's nothing like my God.

In vain the bright, the burning Sun,
Scatters his feeble Light ;
'Tis thy sweet Beams create my Noon,
If thou withdraw, 'tis Night.

And whilst upon my restless Bed,
Amidst the Shades I roll ;
If my Redeemer shews his Head,
'Tis Morning with my Soul.

To thee we owe our Wealth and Friends,
And Health, and safe Abode ;
We praise thy Name for all these Things,
But they are not my God.

How vain a Toy is glitt'ring Wealth,
If once compar'd to Thee !
And what's my Safety, or my Health,
Or all my Friends to me ?

Where I Possessor of the Earth,
And call'd the Stars my own ;

Without thy Graces, and Thyself,
I were a Wretch undone.

Let others stretch their Arms like Seas,
And grasp in all the Shore ;
Grant me the Visits of thy Face,
And I desire no more.

H Y M N XCVI.

A Sinner's Prayer.

GOD of my Salvation, hear,
And help me to believe :
Simply would I now draw near,
Thy Blessing to receive :
Full of Guilt, alas, I am,
But to thy Wounds for Refuge flee ;
Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy Blood was shed for me.

Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine Eye,
Balm of all my Grief and Pain,
Thy Blood is always nigh :
Now, as Yesterday the same,
Thou art and will for ever be,
Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy Blood was shed for me.

Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy Grace procure,
Empty send me not away,
For I thou know'st, am poor :
Dust and Ashes is my Name,
My All is Sin and Misery ;
Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy Blood was shed for me.

Without Money, without Price,

I come thy Love to buy ;

From myself I turn my Eyes,

The Chief of Sinners I.

Take, O take me as I am,

And let me lose myself in thee,

Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb,

Thy Blood was shed for me..

HYMN NO XCVIII.

Setting at Jesus's Feet:

SWEET the Moments, rich in Blessing,

Which before the Cross I spend ;

Life, and Health, and Peace possessing,

From the Sinners dying Friend.

Here I'll sit; for ever viewing

Mercy's Streams in Streams of Blood :

Precious Drops my Soul bedewing,

Plead and claim my Peace with God.

Truly blessed is this Station,

Low before his Cross to lie :

While I see divine Compassion

Floating in his languid Eye.

Here it is I find my Heaven,

While upon the Lamb I gaze ;

Love I much, I've much forgiven,

I'm a Miracle of Grace.

Love and Grief my Heart dividing,

With my Tears his Feet I'll bathe ;

Constant still in Faith abiding,

Life deriving from his Death.

May I still enjoy this Feeling,
 In all Need to Jesus go !
 Prove his Wounds each Day more healing,
 And himself more deeply know.

H Y M N XCVIII.

Communion with J E S U S.

COME, descend, O heav'nly Spirit,
 Fan each Spark into a Flame :
 Blessings let us now inherit,
 Blessings that we cannot name :
 Whilst Hosannas we are singing,
 May our Hearts in Rapture move :
 Feel new Grace in them still springing,
 Breathe the Air of purest Love.

Let us sail in Grace's Ocean,
 Float on that unbounded Sea,
 Guided into pure Devotion,
 Kept from Paths of Error free :
 On thy heav'nly Manna feeding,
 Screen'd from ev'ry envious Foe :
 Love, O Love for Sinners bleeding,
 All for thee we would forgo.

Keep us, Lord, still in Communion,
 Daily nearer drawn to thee ;
 Sinking in the sweetest Union,
 Of that Heart-felt Mystery :
 Keep us safe from each Delusion,
 Well protected from all Harms ;
 Free from Sin, and all Confusion,
 Circle us within thine Arms.

H Y M N XCIX.

Justification by Faith.

VAIN are the Hopes the Sons of Men,
On their own Works have built,
Their Hearts by Nature all unclean,
And all their Actions Guilt.

Let Jew and Gentile stop their Mouths
Without a murmur'ring Word,
And the Whole Race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

In vain we ask God's righteous Law
To justify us now,
Since to convince, and to condemn,
Is all the Law can do.

Jesus, how glorious is thy Grace,
When in thy Name we trust !
Our Faith receives a Righteousness
That makes the Sinner just.

H Y M N C.

This is the Victory that overcometh the
World, even our Faith.

O Tell me no more
Of this World's vain Store ;
The Time for such Trifles with me now is o'er.

A Country I've found,
Where true Joys abound ;
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy Ground.

No Mortal doth know
 What he can bestow,
 What Light, Strength, and Comfort: go after
 (him, go.

Lo! onward I move,
 And but Christ above,
 None guesses how wond'rous my Journey will
 (prove.

Great Spoils I shall win
 From Death, Hell, and Sin;
 Midst outward Affliction, shall feel Christ
 (within.

Perhaps for his Name,
 Poor Dust as I am,
 Some Works I shall finish with glad loving
 (Aim.

I still (which is best)
 Shall in his dear Breast,
 As at the Beginning, find Pardon and Rest.

And when I'm to die,
 "Receive me," I'll cry,
 For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot say why.

But this I do find,
 We two are so join'd,
 He'll not live in Glory, and leave me behind.

H Y M N CI.

The Love of CHRIST constraineth us.

2 Cor. v. 14.

HAPPY the Heart where Graces reign,
 Where Love inspires the Breast;
 Love is the brightest of the Train,
 And strengthens all the rest.

Knowledge, alas ! is all in vain,
 And all in vain our Fear ;
 Our stubborn Sins will fight and reign,
 If Love be absent there.

'Tis Love that makes our active Feet
 In swift Obedience move ;
 The Devils know, and Tremble too,
 But Satan cannot Love.

This is the Grace that lives and sings,
 When Faith and Hope shall cease ;
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful Strings
 In the sweet Realms of Bliss.

Before we quite forsake our Clay,
 Or leave this poor Abode,
 The Wings of Love, bear us away,
 To see our smiling God.

H Y M N CII.

Following CHRIST, the Sinner's Way
 to GOD.

JESUS, my All to Heaven is gone,
 He that I plac'd my Hopes upon ;
 This Track I see—and I'll pursue
 The narrow Way, till him I view.

The Way the holy Prophets went,
 The Road that leads from Banishment,
 The King's High-way of Holiness,
 I'll go ; for all the Paths are Peace.

This is the Way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My Grief, my Burden, long have been,
Because I could not cease from Sin.

The more I strove against its Pow'r,
I finn'd and stumbled but the more :
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
" Come hither Soul, for I'm the Way."

Lo glad I come, and thou dear Lamb,
Shall take me to thee as I am :
Nothing but Sin I thee can give,
Yet help me, and thy Praise I'll-live.

I'll tell to all poor Sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming Blood,
And say, " Behold the Way to God."

H Y M N CIII.

Come and welcome to JESUS CHRIST.

COME, ye Sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of Pity, join'd with Pow'r.
He is able, he is able, he is able :
He is willing : doubt no more.

Ho ! ye needy, come and Welcome :
God's free Bounty glorify,
True Belief, and true Repentance,
Ev'ry Grace that brings us nigh.
Without Money, without Money, without
(Money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

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Let not Conscience make you linger ;
 Nor of Fitness fondly dream,
 All the Fitness he requireth,
 Is, to feel your Need of Him :
 This he gives you, this he gives you, this he
 (gives you ;
 'Tis the Spirit's rising Beam.

Come ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruis'd and mangled by the Fall ;
 If you tarry, 'till you're better,
 You will never come at all.
 Not the Righteous, not the Righteous, not
 (the Righteous ;
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

View him grov'ling in the Garden :
 Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies,
 On the bloody Tree behold him :
 Hear him cry before he dies ;
 It is finish'd, it is finish'd, it is finish'd :
 Sinner, will not this suffice ?

Lo ! th' incarnate God, ascended,
 Pleads the Merit of his Blood,
 Venture on him, venture wholly ;
 Let no other Trust intrude.
 None but Jesus, none but Jesus, none but Jesus,
 Can do helpless Sinners good.

Saints and Angels join'd in Concert,
 Sing the Praises of the Lamb ;
 While the blissful Seats of Heaven
 Sweetly echo with his Name.
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Sinners here may sing the same.

H Y M N CIV.

CHRIST's Call and (through Grace) the
Sinners Acceptance.

JESU, thou dost cry aloud,
Sinners hasten to my Blood,
Though as black as Hell within,
Yet my Blood shall wash you clean.

View me, in the Manger lying,
View me, panting, bleeding, dying,
In my pierced Side here's Room,
Ev'ry Drop of Blood cries come.

Lord I hear thy gracious Call,
Prostrate at thy Feet I fall,
All poor Sinners, thou call'st Home, !
I'm a Sinner, lo I come.

Satan Lord hath me distress'd,
I am naked, void of Rest,
All my Nature's full of Sin,
O I'm all unclean, unclean.

Yes my Child, I know it all,
But thy Guilt on me did fall ;
By the shedding of my Blood,
Thou art reconcil'd to God.

Art thou naked in Distress ?
Here's the Robe of Righteousness,
Here's my Blood to cleanse thy Heart ;
Clothe thee, wash thee, mine thou art.

Satan hearest thou thy Doom,
 Jesus my Deliv'rer's come ;
 Passion, Unbelief, and Pride,
 Hence be gone, for Christ hath dy'd.

Hail! my Jesus, Lord and God,
 Take the Purchase of thy Blood,
 Thou didst give thyself for me,
 Lo, I give myself to thee.

H Y M N CV.

Doubts scattered.

HENCE from my Soul, sad Thoughts be
 And leave me to my Joys ; (gone,
 My Tongue shall triumph in my God,
 And make a joyful Noise.

Darkness and Doubts had veil'd my Mind,
 And drown'd my Head in Tears,
 Till sov'reign Grace, with shining Rays,
 Dispell'd my gloomy Fears.

O ! what immortal Joys I felt,
 And Raptures all divine,
 When Jesus told me, I was his,
 And my Beloved mine.

In vain the Tempter frights my Soul,
 And breaks my Peace in vain ;
 One Glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy Face,
 Revives my Joys again.

H Y M N C VI.

They crucify'd Him.

O Love divine, what hast thou done !
 Th' immortal God hath dy'd for me :
 The Father's co-eternal Son
 Bore all my Sins upon the Tree :
 Th' immortal God for me hath dy'd ;
 My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd !

Behold him, all ye that pass by,
 The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace
 Come see, ye Worms, your Maker die,
 And say, was ever Grief like his !
 Come, feel with me his Blood apply'd,
 My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd.

Is crucify'd for me and you,
 To bring us Rebels back to God :
 Believe, believe the Record true,
 That we are bought with Jesu's Blood ;
 Pardon and Life flow from his Side,
 My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd.

Then let us sit beneath his Cross,
 And gladly catch the healing Stream ?
 All Things for him account but Loss,
 And give up all our Hearts to him ;
 Of nothing speak or think beside,
 My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd !

H Y M N C VII.
C A L V A R Y.

LAMB of God, whose bleeding Love,
We thus recall to Mind,
Send the Answer from above,
And let us Mercy find :
Think on us, who think on thee,
And ev'ry struggling Soul release ;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in Peace.

By thine agonizing Pain,
And bloody Sweat we pray ;
By thy dying Love to Man,
Take all our Sins away :
Burst our Bonds, and set us free,
From all Iniquity release :
O remember, &c.

Let thy Blood by Faith apply'd,
The Sinner's Pardon seal ;
Speak us freely justify'd,
And all our Sickness heal,
By thy Passion on the Tree,
Let all our Griefs and Troubles cease ;
O remember, &c.

Never would we hence depart,
'Till thou our Wants relieve ;
Write Forgiveness on each Heart,
And all thine Image give,
Still our Souls shall cry to thee,
'Till all renew'd in Holiness ;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in Peace.

H Y M N CVII.

The Stony Heart.

OH! for a Glance of heav'nly Day,
To take this stubborn Stone away,
And thaw with Beams of Love divine
This Heart, this frozen Heart of mine.

The Rocks can rent; the Earth can quake;
The Sea can roar; the Mountains shake;
Of Feeling all Things shew some Sign;
But this unfeeling Heart of mine.

To hear the Sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an Adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving Line,
And nothing move this Heart of mine.

Thy Judgments too unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing Thought!) which Devils fear,
Goodness and Wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid Heart of mine.

But something yet can do the Deed;
And that dear Something much I need,
Thy Spirit can from Dross refine,
And move and melt this Heart of mine.

H Y M N CIX.

The Same.

WHEN shall my frozen Heart revive?
When shall my Soul begin to live?
Fetter'd with Sin, oppress'd with Death,
I pant, yet hopeless pant for Breath.

Yet against Hope, I fain wou'd hope,
 O that the Lord would raise me up;
 Wou'd all my Unbelief destroy,
 And let me taste his People's Joy.

Come Breath of Life, inspire my Soul,
 On me let Streams of Mercy roll;
 I know a tender Glance from thee,
 Can set my burthen'd Spirit free.

Peter's Experience tells me so,
 Tells me what Jesu's Look can do;
 The harden'd Heart at once it turns,
 The Icy Soul it melts and burns.

Lord kindly reach this Heart of mine,
 I'd pant to be intirely thine,
 To have thy Spirit rule in me,
 And bring me into Liberty.

H Y M N CX.

CHRIST is All in All.

TO all my *Vileness*, Christ is *Glory bright*,
 To all my *Mis'ries*, infinite *Delight*—
 To all my *Ign'rance*, *Wise* without compare,
 To my *Deformity*, the *Eternal Fair*—
 Sight to my *Blindness*—To my *Meaneſs*, *Wealth*,
Life to my *Death*—and to my *Sickness*, *Health*,
 To *Darkness*, *Light*—my *Liberty* in *Thrall*—
 What shall I say—my Christ is *All in All*!

H Y M N C XI.

At the coming of a Minister.

W elcome, welcome, blessed Servant,
Messenger of Jesu's Grace !
O how beautiful the Feet of
Him that brings good News of Peace,
Welcome Herald, welcome Herald, &c.
Priest of God, thy People's Joy.

Saviour, bless his Message to us,
Give us Hearts to hear the Sound
Of Redemption, dearly purchas'd
By thy Death and precious Wounds,
O reveal it, O reveal it, &c.
To our poor and helpless Souls.

Give reward of Grace and Glory
To thy faithful Labourer dear,
Let the Incense of our Hearts be
Offer'd up in Faith and Prayer,
Bless, O bless him ; bless, O bless him, &c.
Now henceforth for evermore.

H Y M N C X II.

Not ashamed of the Gospel.

I 'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his Cause,
Maintain the Honour of his Word,
The Glory of his Cross.

Jesus, my God ; I know his Name,
 His Name is all my Trust ;
 Nor will he put my Soul to Shame,
 Nor let my Hope be lost.

Firm as his Throne, his Promise stands,
 And he can well secure
 What I've committed to his Hands,
 'Till the decisive Hour.

Then will he own my worthless Name,
 Before his Father's Face,
 And in the New Jerusalem
 Appoint my Soul a Place.

H Y M N CXIII.

CHRIST's Dying Love.

HOW condescending, and how kind,
 Was God's eternal Son !
 Our Mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly Mind,
 And Pity brought him down.

(When Justice by our Sins provok'd,
 Drew forth its dreadful Sword,
 He gave his Soul up to the Stroke,
 Without a murmur'ring Word.)

(He sunk beneath our heavy Woes,
 To raise us to his Throne ;
 There's not a Gift his Hand bestows,
 But cost his Heart a Groan.)

This was Compassion like a God,
 That when the Saviour knew,
 The Price of Pardon was his Blood,
 His Pity ne'er withdrew.

Now tho' he reigns exalted high,
 His Love is still as great ;
 Well he remembers Calvary,
 Nor let our Souls forget.

H Y M N CXIV.

For a Minister confin'd from attending the
 Ordinances on the L O R D ' s Day.

IN silent Sadness I'm condemn'd
 To spend this sacred Day,
 Nor suffer'd to approach thy Courts,
 To sing, and preach, and pray.

My willing Feet with Joy have trod
 Thy Palaces of Grace ;
 (The Dwellings of my King, my God)
 Where Saints behold thy Face.

To Zion's op'ning Gates this Day
 Th' assembling Armies move,
 The Gospel-Trumpet sweetly sounds,
 With Pardon, Peace and Love.

The blessed Saints with Hearts and Tongues,
 Unite to speak thy Praise,
 With Ears and Hearts in Rapture held.
 By Messages of Grace.

May they thy Glories Lord behold,
And feed on heav'nly Food ;
May living Waters fill their Souls,
And Grace and Strength renew'd.

Whilst I'm a Pris'ner in the Chains,
In darkness, Grief, and Pain,
May I one Beam of Love divine,
One Crumb of Grace obtain.

May Mercy's Hand direct thy Rod,
Thy Pow'r my Soul uphold,
The Dross and Tin purge all away,
And brighten all the Gold.

May ev'ry Sin be now destroy'd ;
And ev'ry Grace made strong ;
Give Health, and Ease, and Strength again,
And Grace shall be my Song.

H Y M N CXV.

For a Public Fast.

LORD, look on all assembled here ;
Who in thy Presence stand,
To offer up united Pray'r
For this our sinful Land.

Oft have we, each in private, pray'd,
Our Country might find Grace,
Now hear the same Petitions made
In this appointed Place,

Or, if amongst us some be met,
So careless of their Sin,
They have not cry'd for Mercy yet ;
Lord let them now begin.

Thou, by whose Death poor Sinners live,
By whom their Pray'rs succeed,
Thy Spirit of Supplication give,
And we shall pray indeed.

We will not slack ; nor give thee Rest ;
But importuue thee so,
That, 'till we shall be by thee blest,
We will not let thee go.

Great God of Hosts, Deliv'rance bring,
Guide those that hold the Helm ;
Support the State ; preserve the King ;
And spare the guilty Realm.

Or should the dread Decree be past,
And we must feel thy Rod ;
May Faith and Patience hold us fast
To our correcting God.

Whatever be our destin'd Case,
Accept us in thy Son ;
Give us his Gospel, and his Grace ;
And then thy Will be done.

H Y M N CXVI.

Ascribing to God the Praise of our
Salvation.

HOW empty was our former Boast,
Our Foolishness of Pride,
When in ourselves we put our Trust,
And on our Works rely'd !

Strong in the Freedom of our Will,
 Firm in our Nature's Pow'rs,
 We thought to gain the heav'nly Hill,
 And seize the Crown as ours.

Our good Desires, our Hearts sincere,
 Our best Endeavours stood,
 T' atone for our Transgressions here,
 In Place of Jesu's Blood.

Alas for us : we knew not then
 His Blood and Righteousness,
 Thro' which alone the Sons of Men
 Are sav'd by richest Grace.

But now, O gracious God, thy Love,
 Hath taught us better Things ;
 Our all is giv'n us from above,
 From thee Salvation springs,

Freely thy Love delights to save,
 And ransoms without Price,
 But only that which Jesus gave,
 Our bleeting Sacrifice.

We own the sole-procuring Cause,
 That precious Blood divine ;
 And since our Jesus dy'd for us,
 May we live ever thine !

HYMN CXVII.

CHRIST a sure Guide.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim, thro' this barren Land,

I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy pow'ful Hand,
Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven,
Feed me 'till I want no more.

Open now the crystal Fountain,
Whence the healing Streams do flow :
Let the fiery cloudy Pillar,
Lead me all my Journey through :
Strong Deliv'rer, strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

When I tread the Verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious Fear subside :
Death of Deaths, and Hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's Side,
Songs of Praises, Songs of Praises,
I will ever give to thee.

H Y M N CXVIII.

A warm Coal for a cold Heart.

MUSING on my Habitation,
Musing on my heav'nly Home,
Fills my Soul with holy Longing,
Come, my Jesus, quickly come ;
Vanity is all I see,
Lord ! I long to be with thee.

H Y M N CXIX.

A whole Heart for CHRIST.

LORD make me faithful to my Call,
In Heart still truly give up all,
Myself to thee resign :

When Dangers threaten me around,
Invincible may I be found,
Never thy Will decline.

My Feet with holy Oil anoint,
The destin'd Path, thou dost appoint,
Gladly I then will tread ;
Bedew it with a genial Show'r,
Into my Heart thy Influence pour
With hidden Manna fed.

A single Eye, a faithful Heart,
My Jesus, to thy Child impart,
In ev'ry trying Hour :
Reas'ning's tormenting Thoughts prevent,
Still keep my Eye on thee intent,
Till Sight my Faith o'erpow'r.

H Y M N CXX.

A Sinner's last Shift.

SAVIOUR, canst thou love a Traitor ?
Canst thou love a Child of Wrath ?
Can a Hell deserving Creature
Be the Purchase of thy Death ?
Is thy Blood so efficacious,
As to make my Nature clean ?
Is thy Sacrifice so precious,
As to free me from my Sin ?

Sin on every Hand surrounds me,
No Acquittance can I hear ;
Pangs of Unbelief confound me,
Help me Lord my Grief to bear :

Here then is my Resolution
 At thy dearest Feet to fall,
 Here I'll meet with Condemnation,
 Or a Freedom from my Thrall.

Now deny thy Grace and Mercy,
 If thou canst to wretched me,
 Lay aside thy Love and Pity,
 If thou canst, and let me die.
 If I meet with Condemnation,
 Justly I deserve the same ;
 If I meet with free Salvation,
 I will magnify thy Name.

HYMN CXXI.

I am the God of Abraham.

THE God of Abrah'm praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd above ;
 Ancient of everlasting Days,
 And God of Love ;
 JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM !
 By Earth and Heav'n confess ;
 I bow and bless the sacred Name,
 For ever bless'd.

The God of Abrah'm praise,
 At whose supreme Command
 From Earth I'd rise—and seek the Joys
 At thy right Hand :
 I'd all on Earth forsake,
 Its Wisdom, Fame and Pow'r ;
 And Him my only Portion make
 My Shield and Tow'r.

The God of Abrah'm praise,
 Whose all-sufficient Grace
 Shall guide me all my happy Days
 In all his Ways ;
 He calls a Worm his Friend !
 He calls himself my God !
 And he shall save me to the End,
 Thro' Jesu's Blood.

He by Himself hath sworn,
 I on his Oath depend,
 I shall on Eagle's Wings up-borne
 To Heav'n ascend :
 I shall behold his Face,
 I shall his Pow'r adore,
 And sing the Wonders of his Grace
 For evermore.

PART THE SECOND.

Tho' Nature's Strength decay,
 And Earth and Hell withstand,
 To Canaan's Bounds I urge my Way,
 At his Command :
 The wat'ry Deep I pass,
 With Jesus in my View ;
 And thro' the howling Wilderness
 My Way pursue.

The goodly Land I see,
 With Peace and Plenty bles'd ;
 A Land of sacred Liberty,
 And endless Rest :
 There Milk and Honey flow ;
 And Oil and Wine abound ;
 And Trees of Life for ever grow,
 With Mercy crown'd.

There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
(Triumphant o'er the World and Sin)

The Prince of Peace :
On Sion's sacred Height
His Kingdom still maintains ;
And glorious with his Saints in Light
For ever reigns.

He keeps his own Secure,
He guards them by his Side,
Arrays in Garments white and pure
His spotless Bride :
With Streams of sacred Bliss,
With Groves of living Joys—
With all the Fruits of Paradise,
He still supplies.

P A R T T H E T H I R D.

Before the great Three-One,
They all exulting stand ;
And tell the Wonders he hath done,
Thro' all their Land ;
The list'ning Spheres attend,
And swell the growing Faine,
And sing, in Songs which never end,
The wond'rous NAME.

The God who reigns on high,
The great Arch-angels sing,
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
" ALMIGHTY KING !
" WHO WAS, AND IS, THE SAME ;
" AND EVERMORE SHALL BE ;
" JEHOVAH—FATHER—GREAT I AM !
" WE WORSHIP THEE."

Before the Saviour's Face
 The ransom'd Nations bow ;
 O'erwhelm'd at this Almighty Grace,
 For ever new ;
 He shews his Prints of Love —
 They kindle — to a Flame !
 And sound thro' all the Worlds above,
 The slaughter'd Lamb.

The whole triumphant Host
 Give Thanks to God on high ;
 Hail Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 They ever cry :
 Hail, *Abraham's* God — and *mine* !
 (I join the heav'nly Lays,)
 All Might and Majesty are thine,
 And endless Praise.

H Y M N CXXII.

I will sing of the Mercy of the Lord for-
 ever.

THY Mercy, my God, is the Theme of my
 Song,
 The Joy of my Heart, and the Boast of my
 Tongue :
 Thy free Grace alone, from the first to the last,
 Has won my Affections, and bound my Soul fast.

Without thy sweet Mercy, I could not live here ;
 Sin soon would reduce me to utter Despair ;
 But, thro' thy free Goodness, my Spirits revive,
 And he that first made me, still keeps me alive.

Whene'er I mistake, thy kind Mercy begins
To melt me, and then I can mourn for my Sins ;
And, led by thy Spirit, to Jesus's Blood,
My Sorrows are dry'd, and my Strength is renew'd.

Thy Mercy is more than a Match for my Heart,
Which wonders to feel its own Hardness depart :
Dissolv'd by thy Presence I fall to the Ground,
And weep to the Praise of the Mercy I found.

The Doors of thy Mercy stand open all Day,
To the poor and the needy who knock by the Way :
Thy Mercy is endless, most tender and free ;
No Sinner need doubt, since 'tis given to me.

Dear Father, thy merciful Word is my all ;
Thy Promise supports me, when ready to fall :
When Enemies croud, to cause Doubt and Despair,
I conquer them all by thy Spirit of Prayer.

Thy Mercy in Jesus exempts me from Hell ;
Of thy Mercy I'll sing, of thy Mercy I'll tell :
'Twas Jesus *my* Friend, when he hung on the Tree,
That open'd the Channel of Mercy for *me*.

Great Father of Mercies, thy Goodness I own,
And the Covenant-Love of thy crucify'd Son :
All Praise to the Spirit, whose Whispers divine,
Seal Mercy, and Pardon, and Righteousness, *mine*.

H Y M N CXXIII.

The Loss of CHRIST lamented, from the
past Experience of his Love.

MY Time, oh ye Daughters of Sion, did run
Most sweetly and softly, when Christ was
my Sun ;

Thro' Darkness I fearless could walk by his Light,
His Rays were my Comfort, his Shield was my
Might.

When Jesus was with me, by Day or by Night,
Tho' Darkness was round me, my Soul was still
Light ;

My Joys and my Comforts enraptur'd my Mind,
While under his Shadow I sweetly reclin'd.

What Time in Communion with Jesus I spent,
'Twas Heav'n all over wherever I went ;
And oft when his Kindness I've felt on my Heart,
In Raptures I pray'd, he would never depart.

His Mercy and Love was the Theme of my Song,
To praise and adore him the Joy of my Tongue :
To talk of his Goodness my daily Delight,
To think of his Kindness my Pleasure by Night.

But when He is absent, my Comforts are gone,
My Heart is dejected, and hard as a Stone ;
Nor Nature or Creature Delight can impart,
Till Jesus return, the sole Joy of my Heart.

That e'er I should grieve thee, my Lord and my
Lamb,
It vexes my Soul and o'erwhelms me with Shame ;
The Sweets of thy Favor, and Love felt before,
Restore, my dear Jesus, and leave me no more.

H Y M N CXXIV.

Before Sermon.

SOURCE of Light and Pow'r divine,
Deign upon thy Truth to shine:-
Lord, behold thy Servant stands ;
Lo ! to thee he lifts his Hands ;
Satisfy his Soul's Desire ;
Touch his Lips with holy Fire.

Ope thy Treasures ! so shall fall
Unction sweet on him, on All.
Till by Odours scattered round,
Christ himself be trac'd and found.
Then shall ev'ry raptur'd Heart,
Rich in Peace and Joy depart.

HYMN CXXV.

The Same.

Darest Saviour help thy Servant,
To proclaim thy wond'rous Love!
O that every Soul now present
May thy Grace and Truth approve;
 Bless, O bless us; bless, O bless us;
 bless, O bless us,
From thy shining Courts above.

Now thy gracious Word invites us,
To partake thy Gospel Feast;
Let thy Spirit now unite us,
Each to Thee a willing Guest;
O receive us, &c.
To thy glorious promis'd Rest.

H Y M N CXXVI.

FIRM as the Earth thy Gospel stands,
My Lord, my Hope, my Trust :
If I am found in Jesu's Hands,
My Soul can ne'er be lost.

His Honour is engag'd to save
The meaneſt of his Sheep ;
All that his heav'ly Father gave
His Hands ſecurely keep.

Nor Death, nor Hell ſhall e'er remove,
His Fav'rites from his Breast ;
In the dear Bosom of his Love
They *muſt* for ever reſt.

H Y M N CXXVII.

NOTHING but thy Blood, O Jesus,
Can relieve us from our Smart ;
Nothing else from Guilt release us ;
Nothing else can melt the Heart.

Law and Terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone ;
But a Sense of Blood-bought Pardon
Soon diſſolves a Heart of Stone.

Teach us, by thy patient Spirit,
How to mourn, and not despair ;
Let us, leaning on thy Merit,
Wrestle hard with God in Pray'r.

Whatsoe'er Afflictions seize us,
They shall profit, if not please ;
But defend, defend us, Jesus,
From Security and Ease.

H Y M N CXXVIII.

Electing Grace : or Saints beloved in
CHRIST.

JESUS, we bless thy Father's Name ;
Thy God and ours are both the same :
What heav'nly Blessings from his Throne
Flow down to Sinners thro' his Son ?

Christ be my first Elect, he said,
Then chose our Souls in Christ our Head,
Before he gave the Mountains birth,
Or laid Foundations for the Earth.

Thus did eternal Love begin
To raise us up from Death and Sin ;
Our Characters were then decreed,
Blameless in Love, a holy Seed.

Predestinated to be Sons,
Born by Degrees, but chose at once ;
A new regenerated Race,
To praise the Glory of his Grace.

With Christ our Lord we share our Part
In the Affections of his Heart,
Nor shall our Souls be thence remov'd,
Till he forgets his First belov'd.

H Y M N . CXXIX.

The Pharisee and Publican.

BEHOLD how Sinners disagree,
The Publican and Pharisee !
One doth his Righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his Guilt and Shame.

This Man at humble Distance stands,
And cries for Grace with lifted Hands ;
That boldly rises near the Throne,
And talks of Duties he has done.

The Lord their diff'rent Language knows,
And diff'rent Answers he bestows ;
The humble Soul with Grace he crowns,
Whilst on the Proud his Anger frowns.

Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee ;
I have no Merit of my own,
But plead the Suff'rings of thy Son.

H Y M N . CXXX.

The Kingdom come.

OH when shall we, supremely blest,
Enter into our glorious Rest !
Partake the Triumphs of the Sky,
And holy, holy, holy cry !

With all thy heav'nly Host, with all
Thy blessed Saints, we then shall fall,

And sing in Ecstacy unknown,
And praise thee on thy dazzling Throne.

HYMN CXXXI.

Time and Eternity.

THEE we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal Frame,
What dying Worms we be.

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy Sense,
To walk this dangerous Road;
And when our Souls are taken hence,
May they be found with God !

Assure me, that my worthless Name
Is graven on thy Hands ;
Shew me some Promise in thy Book,
Where my Salvation stands.

HYMN CXXXII.

The Same.

SINCE all the downward Tracts of Time
God's watchful Eye surveys,
O ! who so wise to choose our Lot,
And regulate our Ways ?

Assure us of thy wond'rous Love
Unmeasurably kind
To his unerring, gracious Will
Be ev'ry Wish resign'd.

Good when he gives supremely Good,
 Nor less, when he denies,
 Ev'n Crosses, from his sov'reign Hand,
 Are blessings in Disguise.

In thy fair Book of Life divine,
 My God inscribe my Name,
 There let it fill some humble Place,
 Beneath my Lord the Lamb !

Thy Saints, while Ages roll away,
 In endless Fame survive,
 Their Glories, o'er the Wrongs of Time
 Greatly triumphant, live.

H Y M N . CXXXIII.

He has done all Things well.
 Mark vii. 37.

NOW in a Song of grateful Praise
 To my dear Lord my Voice I'll raise,
 With all his Saints I'll join to tell,
 My Jesus has done all Things well.

All Worlds his glorious Power confess,
 His Wisdom all his Works express :
 But O his Love ! what Tongue can tell !
 My Jesus has done all Things well.

How sov'reign, wonderful and free,
 Has been his Love to sinful Me !
 This pluck'd me from the Jaw of Hell,
 My Jesus has done all Things well.

I spurn'd his Grace, I broke his Laws ;
 And yet he undertook my Cause,
 To save me, tho' I did rebell ;
 My Jesus has done all Things well.

And since my Soul has known his Love,
 What Mercies has he made me prove ;
 Mercies which do all Praise excell ;
 My Jesus has done all Things well.

Whene'er my Saviour and my God,
 Has on me laid his gentle Rod ;
 I know in all that has befall,
 My Jesus has done all Things well.

Tho' many a fiery flaming Dart
 The Tempter levels at my Heart ;
 With this I all his Rage repel,
 My Jesus has done all Things well.

Sometimes my Lord his Face does hide
 To make me pray, or kill my Pride ;
 Yet then it on my Mind does dwell,
 My Jesus has done all Things well.

Soon shall I pass the vail of Death,
 And in his Arms shall lose my Breath ;
 Yet then my happy Soul shall tell,
 My Jesus has done all Things well.

And when to that bright World I rise,
 And join the Anthems in the Skies ;
 Above the rest *this Note* shall swell,
 My Jesus has done all Things well ?

HYMN CXXXIV.

Look again. Is. ii. 4.

SEE a poor Sinner, dearest Lord,
 Whose Soul encourag'd by thy Word,
 At Mercy's Footstool would remain,
 And there would look, and look again.

How oft deceiv'd by Self and Pride,
 Has my poor Heart been turn'd aside,
 And Jonah like has fled from thee,
 Till thou hast look'd again on me.

Ah bring a wretched Wanderer home,
 And to thy Footstool let me come,
 And tell thee all my Grief and Pain,
 And wait and look, and look again.

Take Courage then, my trembling Soul,
 One Look from Christ will make thee whole,
 Trust thou in him, 'tis not in vain,
 But wait and look, and look again.

Do Satan's Darts thy Soul molest ?
 Does dark Deserion fill thy Breast ?
 Art thou almost with Sorrows slain ?
 Yet wait and look, and look again.

Do Fears and Doubts thy Soul annoy ?
 And thund'ring Tempests drown thy Joy ?
 And canst thou not one Smile obtain ?
 Yet wait and look, and look again.

Look to the Lord, his Word, his Throne;
 Look to his Grace, and not your own:
 There wait and look, and look again;
 You shall not wait, nor look in vain.

Ere long that happy Day will come,
 When I shall reach my blissful Home:
 And when to Glory I attain,
 O then I'll look, and look again.

H Y M N CXXXV.

I know that my Redeemer liveth.

Job xix. 25.

I Know that my Redeemer lives,
 What Comfort this sweet Sentence gives!
 He lives! he lives, who once was dead,
 He lives, my everliving Head.

He lives triumphant from the Grave,
 He lives eternally to save,
 He lives all glorious in the Sky,
 He lives exalted there on high.

He lives to bless me with his Love,
 He lives to plead for me above,
 He lives my hungry Soul to feed,
 He lives to help in Time of Need.

He lives to grant me rich Supply,
 He lives to guide me with his Eye,
 He lives to comfort me when faint,
 He lives to hear my Soul's Complaint.

He lives to crush the Pow'rs of Hell,
 He lives that he may in me dwell,
 He lives to heal, and make me whole,
 He lives to guard my feeble Soul.

He lives to silence all my Fears,
 He lives to stop, and wipe my Tears,
 He lives to calm my troubled Heart,
 He lives all Blessings to impart.

He lives my kind, wise heav'nly Friend,
 He lives, and loves me to the End,
 He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
 He lives my Prophet, Priest and King.

He lives and grants me daily Breath,
 He lives, and I shall conquer Death,
 He lives my Mansion to prepare,
 He lives to bring me safely there.

He lives, all Glory to his Name,
 He lives my Jesus still the same;
 O the sweet Joy this Sentence gives,
 I know that my Redeemer lives.

H Y M N CXXXVI.

Him. Acts v. 31.

JOIN all who love the Saviour's Name,
 And sing his everlasting Fame.
 Great God prepare each Heart and Voice,
 In Him for ever to rejoice.

Of Him what wond'rous Things are told,
 In Him what Glories I behold ;

For Him I gladly all Things leave,
To Him my Soul for ever cleave.

In Him my Treasure's all contain'd,
By Him my feeble Soul's sustain'd,
From Him I all Things do receive,
Thro' Him my Soul does daily live.

With Him I daily love to walk,
Of Him my Soul delights to talk,
On Him I cast my ev'ry Care,
Like Him one Day I shall appear.

Bless Him my Soul from Day to Day,
Trust Him to bring thee on thy Way,
Give Him thy poor weak sinful Heart,
With Him O never, never part.

Take Him for Strength and Righteousness,
Make Him thy Refuge in Distress,
Love Him above all earthly Joy,
And Him in every Thing employ.

Praise Him in cheerful, grateful Songs,
To Him your highest Praise belongs ;
'Tis Him who does your Heav'n prepare,
And Him you'll praise for ever there.

H Y M N CXXXVII.

HAPPY the Man to whom 'tis given,
To eat the Bread of Life in Heaven :
This Happiness in Christ we prove,
Who feast on his forgiving Love.

H Y M N CXXXVIII.

FOR all the Blessings of the Day,
Humble Thanksgiving let us pay :
And when to endless Day we soar,
Our Praise shall be for evermore.

Hail dear Redeemer ! live and reign,
Thou Lamb for sinful Mankind slain,
Preserver of the ransoin'd Race,
Exalted high in Truth, and Grace !

Our Guide, thou all the Day hast been,
O save us, Lord, from this Day's Sin :
Remain our Saviour still, and be
Our Hope, our Guard eternally.

Into thy Hands, we, sinful Dust,
Our Souls commend, our Bodies trust :
Nor doubt we, but our only Friend
Loves, and will love us to the End.

H Y M N CXXXIX.

Praise to the Redeemer.

BEGIN, ye Saints, the happy Song,
Let Love inspire the Theme,
'Tis Jesus's Grace
That calls for our Praise,
'Twas Jesus alone did redeem.

When Justice fix'd the Sinner's Fate
In endless Woe to dwell,
'Twas Jesus that stood,
Resisting to Blood,
And ransom'd the Sinner from Hell.

Our only Advocate and Friend,
 The mighty Work he wrought;
 When he bow'd his Head,
 'Tis finish'd, he said;
 O Sinner, exult at the Thought!

A spotless Victim to the Cross
 Himself he thus resign'd,
 Then enter'd the Grave
 The Wretched to save,
 The Poor, and the Halt, and the Blind.

Lo! now in Bliss our Cause he pleads,
 'Till we behold his Face:
 Unchangeable Love
 To us he will prove,
 Eternal in Mercy and Grace.

Then let us lift our loudest Praise
 To Sion's holy King;
 He's worthy we own
 Who sits on the Throne;
 Hosannah to Jesus we sing.

H Y M N CXL.

The WORD was made Flesh, and dwelt
 amongst us. John i. 14.

WHAT joyful News salutes our Ears
 From yonder heav'nly Choir!
 How glorious the Song
 Of that happy Throng!
 To him, whom *All Nations desire*!

Behold what Glories fill the Skies!
 Hear how they chant his Praise;

“ Good Tidings we bring,
 “ Great Joy from your King;
 Fear not—’Tis a Message of Grace.

“ All Glory be to God ascribed,”
 Who reigns enthron’d on high;
 “ Lo! Peace upon Earth,”
 At Jesus’s Birth,
 “ Good-Will unto Man” is their Cry.

Hail, “ EVERLASTING FATHER,” hail!
 And yet th’ INCARNATE SON;
 Tho’ “ THE MIGHTY LORD,”
 Thy Name be ador’d,
 An Infant in Time art become.

Welcome the dear-lov’d “ PRINCE OF PEACE,”
 Born that we ne’er might die;
 The “ COUNSELLOR’s” Fame,
 Of “ WONDERFULL” Name,
 We sing in a Rapture of Joy.

Loud Hallelujah’s reach the Sky
 At our IMMANUEL’s Birth,
 The “ ANTIENT OF DAYS,”
 His Mercy displays,
 While born of a Virgin on Earth.

D I S M I S S I O N.

L ORD, dismiss us with thy Blessing:
 Fill our Hearts with Joy and Peace,
 Let us each, thy Love possessing,
 Triumph in *Redeeming Grace.*

O refresh us, O refresh us, O, &c.
 Trav’ling thro’ this Wilderness.

Thanks we give, and Adoration,
 From thy Gospel's joyful Sound;
 May the Fruits of thy Salvation,
 In our Hearts and Lives be found,
 May thy Presence, &c.
 With us evermore be found.

So, whene'er the Signal's given,
 Us from Earth to call away,
 Borne on Angel's Wings to Heaven,
 Glad the Summons to obey,
 May we ever, &c.
 Reign with Christ in endless Day.

The Same.

IF Jesus is yours, You have a true Friend,
 His Goodness endures, The same to the End,
 Your tempers may vary, Your comforts decline,
 You cannot miscarry, Your Aid is divine.

The Same.

THIS God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful unchangeable Friend,
 Whose Love is as large as his Pow'r,
 And neither knows Measure nor End.
 'Tis Jesus the First and the Last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe Home,
 We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come..

The Same.

Salvation! O the joyful Sound!
 'Tis Pleasure to our Ears!

A sov'reign Balm for every Wound,
A Cordial for our Fears !

Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious Earth around,
While all the Armies of the Sky
Conspire to raise the Sound.

C H O R U S.

Glory, Honour, Praise and Power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever,
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Praise the Lord.

The Same.

D Ismis us with thy Blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy Word ;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy Truth within us live.

Tho' we are Guilty, thou art Good,
Wash all our Works in Jesu's Blood ;
Give ev'ry fetter'd Soul release,
And bid us all depart in Peace.

The Same.

O UR Lives, our Blood we here present,
If for thy Sake they may be spent ;
Fulfil thy sov'reign Counsel, Lord,
Thy Will be done, thy Name ador'd.

The Same.

GIVE us thy Strength, thou God of Pow'r,
Then let Men scorn, and Satan roar,
Thy faithful Witnesses we'll be ;
'Tis fixt—we can do all thro' thee.

The Same.

MERCY, good Lord, Mercy I crave ;
This is the total Sum ;
For Mercy, Lord, is all my Suit,
Lord, let thy Mercy come.

The Same.

NO farther go to Night, but stay,
Dear Saviour, till the Break of Day.
Turn in, dear Lord, with me ;
And in the Morning, when I wake,
Me in thine Arms, my Jesus take,
And I'll go on with thee.

The Same.

IWill lay me down to sleep,
And safely take my Rest ;
Me commend to Jesu's Grace,
And as upon his Breast.
So, if Jesus please, I'll sleep,
While Troops of Angels are my Guard ;
O, my Shepherd, Love and keep,
And be my great Reward.

The Same.

NONE but Jesus will we sing,
None else will we adore ;
He our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Shall be for evermore.
None among the heav'nly Pow'rs,
Nor one on Earth, our Praise may claim ;
None but Jesus call we ours,
None but the bleeding Lamb !

'D O X O L O G I E S .

Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow,
Praise him all Creatures here below,
Praise him above ye heav'nly Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Be Glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

FAITHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Join we with the heav'nly Host
To praise Thee evermore.
Live by Heav'n and Earth ador'd,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All Glory be to thee.

SING we to our God above,
Praise, eternal as his Love ;
Praise him all ye heav'nly Host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

TO God who reigns enthron'd on high,
To his dear Son, who deign'd to die,
Our Guilt and Curse t' remove,
To that blest Spirit, who Life imparts,
Who rules in all believing Hearts,
Be endless Glory, Praise and Love.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be Praise amidst the heav'nly Host,
And in the Church below ;
From whom all Creatures drew their Birth,
By whom Redemption blest the Earth,
From whom all Comforts flow.

GIVE to the Father Praise,
Give Glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his Grace,
Be equal Honours done.

TO God the Father's Throne,
Perpetual Honours raise :
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit Praise ;
With all our Pow'rs,
Eternal King,
Thy Name we sing,
While Faith adores.

The following Verse is sometimes sung as the last
Verse of the 48th Hymn, Page 40.

O may I bear some humble Part
In that immortal Song,
Wonder and Love shall tune my Heart,
And Praise command my Tongue.

F T N I S.

S U P P L E M E N T.

H Y M N C X L I.

C H R I S T L O R D o f A L L.

ALL Hail! the Great Immanuel's Name,
 Let Angels prostrate fall,
 Bring forth the Royal Diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of All.

Let high-born Seraphs tune the Lyre,
 And as they tune it fall
 Before his Face who tunes their Choir,
 And crown Him Lord of All.

Crown Him, ye Martyrs of our God,
 Who from his Altar call;
 Extol the Stem of Jesse's Rod,
 And crown Him Lord of All.

Crown Him, ye Morning Stars of Light,
 Who fix'd this floating Ball;
 Now Hail the Strength of Israel's Might,
 And crown Him Lord of All.

Ye chosen Seed of Israel's Race,
 Ye ransom'd of the Fall,
 Hail Him, who saves you by his Grace,
 And crown Him Lord of All.

Hail Him, ye Heirs of David's Line,
 Whom David Lord did call ;
 The God Incarnate ! Man Divine !
 The crowned Lord of All.

Sinners, whose Love can ne'er forget
 The Wormwood and the Gall,
 Go spread your Trophies at his Feet,
 And crown Him Lord of All.

Let ev'ry Tribe, and ev'ry Tongue
 That bound Creation's Ball,
 Now shout in Universal Song,
 The crowned Lord of All.

H Y M N CXLII. Assurance,

A Debtor to Mercy alone,
 Of covenant Mercy I sing
 Nor fear with thy Righteousness on,
 My Person and Off'ring to bring.
 The Terrors of Law and of God
 With me can have nothing to do ;
 My Saviour's Obedience and Blood
 Hide all my Transgressions from View.

The Work which his Goodness began,
 The Arm of his Strength will complete ;

His Promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet.
Things future, nor Things that are now,
Not all Things below nor above,
Can make him his Purpose forego,
Or sever my Soul from his Love.

My Name from the Palms of his Hands
Eternity will not erase ;
Imprint on his Heart it remains
In marks of indelible Grace.
Yes, I to the End shall endure,
As sure as the Earnest is given ;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorify'd Spirits in Heav'n.

H Y M N CXLIII.

Worthy the LAMB !
G LORY to God on high,
Let Heav'n and Earth reply,
Praise ye his Name !

Angels his Love adore,
Who all our Sorrows bore,
And Saints cry evermore,
Worthy the Lamb !
All they around the Throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his Name :

We, who have felt his Blood
 Sealing our Peace with God,
 Sound his dear Fame abroad ;
 Worthy the Lamb !

Join all the ransom'd Race
 Our Lord and God to bless :
 Praise ye his Name !

In him we will rejoice,
 Making a cheerful Noise ;
 And shout, with Heart and Voice,
 Worthy the Lamb !

Tho' we must change our Place,
 Yet shall we never cease
 Praising his Name :

To him we'll Tribute bring ;
 Hail him our gracious King ;
 And, without ceasing, sing,
 Worthy the Lamb.

H Y M N CXLIV. GRACE.

GRACE ! 'tis a charming Sound,
 Harmonious to the Ear :
 Heav'n with the Echo shall resound,
 And all the Earth shall hear,

Grace first contriv'd a Way
 To save rebellious Man ;
 And all the steps that Grace display,
 Which drew the wond'rous Plan,

'Twas Grace that wrote my Name
In thy eternal Book :
'Twas Grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my Sorrows took.

Grace drew my wand'ring Feet
To tread the heav'nly Road :
And new supplies each Hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace taught my Soul to pray,
And made my Eyes o'erflow :
'Twas Grace which kept me to this Day,
And will not let me go.

Grace all the Work shall crown,
Through everlasting Days :
It lays in Heaven the top-most Stone,
And well deserves the Praise.

O let thy Grace inspire
My Soul with Strength divine !
May all my Pow'rs to Thee aspire,
And all my Days be Thine.

H Y M N CXLV.

Restoring and Preserving Grace.

WITH all my Pow'rs of Heart and
Tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song :
Angels shall hear the Notes I raise,
Approve the Song, and join the Praise.

To God I cry'd, when Troubles rose ;
 He heard me, and subdu'd my Foes :
 My rising Fears he did controul,
 And Strength diffus'd through all my Soul.

Amidst a thousand Snares I stand,
 Upheld and guarded by his Hand :
 His Words my fainting Soul revive,
 And keep my dying Faith alive.

Grace will complete what Grace begins,
 To save from Sorrows, and from Sins ;
 The Work that Wisdom undertakes,
 Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes.

H Y M N CXLVI.

Meditation on God's Love.

WHEN Languor and Disease invade
 This trembling House of Clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond our Cage,
 And long to fly away.

Sweet to look inward, and attend
 The Whispers of his Love ;
 Sweet to look upward to the Place
 Where Jesus pleads above,

Sweet to look back, and see my Name
 In Life's fair Book set down ;
 Sweet to look forward, and behold
 Eternal Joys my own.

Sweet to reflect, how Grace divine
 My sins on Jesus laid ;
 Sweet to remember, that his Blood
 My Debt of suff'ring paid.

Sweet in his Righteousness to stand,
 Which saves from second Death ;
 Sweet to experience Day by Day
 His Spirit's quick'ning breath.

Sweet on his Faithfulness to rest,
 Whose Love can never end ;
 Sweet on his Covenant of Grace
 For all Things to depend.

Sweet in the Confidence of Faith,
 To trust his firm Decrees ;
 Sweet to lie passive in his Hands,
 And know no Will but His.

If such the Sweetness of the Streams,
 What must the Fountain be,
 Where Saints and Angels draw their Bliss
 Immediately from Thee.

H Y M N CXLVII.

All my Springs are in thee. Ps. lxxxvii. 7.

BLESS the Lord, my Soul ; and raise
 A glad and grateful Song
 To my dear Redeemer's Praise ;
 For I to Him belong.

He my Goodness, Strength, and God,
 In whom I live, and move, and am,
 Paid my Ransom with his Blood :
 My Portion is the Lamb.

Tho' Temptations seldom cease ;
 Tho' frequent Griefs I feel ;
 Yet his Spirit whispers Peace ;
 And he is with me still :
 Weak of Body, sick in Soul,
 Deprest at Heart, and faint with Fears,
 His dear Presence makes me whole,
 And with sweet Comfort cheers.

O my Jesus, thou art Mine,
 With all thy Grace and Pow'r ;
 I am now, and shall be Thine,
 When Time shall be no more.
 Thou reviv'st me by thy Death ;
 Thy Blood from Guilt has set me free ;
 My fresh Springs of Hope, and Faith,
 And Love, are all in Thee.

H Y M N CXLVIII.

Dependence on CHRIST alone.

I F ever it could come to pass,
 That Sheep of Christ might fall away ;
 My fickle feeble Soul, alas !
 Would fall a thousand Times a Day.
 Were not thy Love as firm as free,
 Thou soon would'st take it, Lord, from me.

I on thy Promises depend,
 (At least, I to depend desire)
 That thou wilt love me to the End ;
 Be with me in Temptation's Fire ;
 Wilt *for* me work, and *in* me too ;
 And guide me right, and bring me through.

No other Stay have I beside ;
 If these can alter, I must fall,
 I look to Thee, to be supply'd
 With Life, with Will, with Pow'r, with All
 Rich Souls may glory in their Store ;
 But Jesus will relieve the Poor.

H Y M N CXLIX.

CHRIST the Believer's All.

AMB of God, we fall before thee,
 Humbly trusting in thy Cross,
 That alone be all our Glory :
 All Things else are Dung and Dross.
 Thee we own a perfect Saviour ;
 Only Source of all that's good,
 Ev'ry Grace and ev'ry Favour
 Come to us thro' Jesu's Blood,

Jesus gives us true Repentance
 By his Spirit sent from Heav'n,
 Jesus whispers this sweet Sentence,
 " Son, thy Sins are all forgiv'n."
 Faith he gives us to believe it :
 Grateful Hearts his Love to prize,

Want we Wisdom ? He must give it ;
Hearing Ears, and seeing Eyes.

Jesus gives us pure Affections ;
Wills to do what he requires ;
Makes us follow his Directions ;
And what he commands, inspires.
All our Pray'rs, and all our Praises
Rightly offer'd in his Name.
He that dictates them, is Jesus :
He that answers, is the same.

When we live on Jesu's Merit,
Then we worship God aright :
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Then we savinely unite.
Hear the whole Conclusion of it,
Great or good, whate'er we call,
God, or King, or Priest, or Prophet,
Jesus Christ is All in All.

H Y M N CL.

The Prodigal.

NOW for a wond'rous Song.
(Keep Distance, ye profane ;
Be silent, each unhallow'd Tongue ;
Nor turn the Truth to Bane.)

The Prodigal's return'd,
'Th' Apostate bold and base ;
That all his Father's Counsels spurn'd,
And long abus'd his Grace.

What Treatment since he came ?

Love tenderly exprest.

What Robe is brought to hide his Shame ?

The best ; the very best.

Rich Food the Servants bring,

Sweet Music charms his Ears.

See what a beauteous costly Ring

The Beggar's Finger wears !

Ye elder Sons, be still ;

Give no bad Passion vent :

My Brethren, 'tis our Father's Will,

And you must be content.

All that he has is Yours :

Rejoice then, not repine.

That Love that all your States secures,

That Love has alter'd mine.

Good God, are these thy Ways !

If Rebels thus are freed,

And favour'd with peculiar Grace,

Grace must be free indeed.

H Y M N C L I.

Salvation to the L A M B.

P O O R Sinner, come, cast off thy Fear ;

And raise thy drooping Head

Come, sing with all poor Sinners here,

Jesus, who once was dead.

Salvation sing ; no Word more meet

To join to Jesu's Name.

Let ev'ry thankful Tongue repeat,
Salvation to the Lamb.

Saints, from the Garden to the Cross
 Your conq'ring Lord pursue.
 Who, dearly to redeem your Loss,
 Groan'd, bled, and died for You :
 Now reigns victorious over Death,
 The glorious great I AM.
 Let ev'ry Soul repeat, with Faith,
Salvation to the Lamb.

When we incur'd the Wrath of God ;
 (Alas ! what could we worse ?)
 He came, and with his own Heart's Blood
 Redeem'd us from the Curse.
 This Paschal Lamb, our heav'nly Meat,
 Was roasted in the Flame.
 Repeat, ye ransom'd Souls, repeat,
Salvation to the Lamb.

H Y M N CLII.

In that Day there shall be a Fountain opened to
 the House of David, and to the Inhabitants of
 Jerusalem, for Sin and for Uncleanness. Zech.
 xiii. 2.

THE Fountain of Christ,
 Assist me to sing,
 The Blood of our Priest,
 Our crucify'd King ;
 Which perfectly cleanses
 From Sin, and from Pile ;

And richly dispenses
Salvation and Health.

This Fountain so dear
He'll freely impart ;
Unlock'd by the Spear,
It gush'd from his Heart.
With Blood, and with Water,
The first to atone,
To cleanse us the latter ;
The Fountain's but One.

This Fountain is such
(As Thousands can tell)
The Moment we touch
It's Streams, we are well.
All Waters beside them
Are full of the Curse ;
For all that have try'd them
Swell, rot, and grow worse.

This Fountain, sick Soul,
Recovers thee quite ;
Bathe here, and be whole ;
Wash here, and be white :
Whatever Diseases
Or Dangers befall,
The Fountain of Jesus
Will rid thee of all.

This Fountain from Guilt
Not only makes pure,
B b

And gives, soon as felt,
 Infallible Cure ;
 But if Guilt removed
 Return, and remain,
 Its Pow'r may be proved
 Again, and again.

This Fountain unseal'd
 Stands open for all,
 That long to be heal'd,
 The Great and the Small ;
 Here's Strength for the Weakly,
 That hither are led ;
 Here's Health for the Sickly ;
 Here's Life for the Dead.

This Fountain, tho' rich,
 From Charge is quite clear ;
 The poorer the Wretch
 The welcomer here.
 Come needy, come guilty,
 Come loathsome and bare ;
 Your can't come too filthy—
 Come just as you are.

This Fountain in vain
 Has never been try'd ;
 It takes out all Stain
 Whenever apply'd :
 The Water flows sweetly
 With Virtue divine,
 To cleanse Souls compleatly,
 I ho' leprous as mine.

H Y M N CLIII.

The Name of JESUS.

HOW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a Believer's Ear?
It sooths his Sorrows, heals his Wounds,
And drives away his Fear.

It makes the wounded Spirit whole,
And calms the troubled Breast ;
'Tis Manna to the hungry Soul,
And to the Weary rest.

Dear Name ! the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding Place ;
My never-failing Treas'ry fill'd
With boundless Stores of Grace.

Jesus ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the Praise I bring.

Weak is the Effort of my Heart,
And cold my warmest Thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

*Till then I would thy Love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting Breath ;
And may the Music of thy Name
Refresh my Soul in Death.

H Y M N CLIV.

Praise for the Fountain opened.

THERE is a Fountain fill'd with Blood
 Drawn from Emmanuel's Veins ;
 And Sinners, plung'd beneath that Flood,
 Loſe all their guilty Stains.

The dying Thief rejoic'd to see
 That Fountain in his Day ;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Wash'd all my Sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious Blood
 Shall never lose its Pow'r ;
 Till all the ransom'd Church of God
 Be sav'd, to Sin no more.

E'er since, by Faith, I saw the Stream
 Thy flowing Wounds supply :
 Redeeming love has been my Theme,
 And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler sweeter Song
 I'll sing thy Pow'r to save ;
 When this poor lisping stamm'ring Tongue
 Lies silent in the Grave.

Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd
 (Unworthy tho' I be)
 For me a Blood-bought free Reward,
 A golden Harp for me !
 'Tis strung, and tun'd, for endless Years,
 And tun'd by Pow'r divine ;

To sound, in God the Father's Ears,
No other Name but thine.

H Y M N CLV.

The POOL of BETHESDA.

BESIDE the Gospel Pool
Appointed for the Poor ;
From Year to Year, my helpless Soul
Has waited for a Cure.

How often have I seen
The healing Waters move ;
And others, round me, stepping in
Their Efficacy prove.

But my Complaints remain,
I feel the very same ;
As full of Guilt, and Fear, and Pain,
As when at first I came.

O would the Lord appear
My Malady to heal ;
He knows how long I've languish'd here,
And what Distress I feel.

How often have I thought
Why should I longer lie ?
Surely the Mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.

But whither can I go ?
There is no other Pool
Where Streams of sovereign Virtue flow
To make a Sinner whole.

Here then, from Day to Day,
 I'll wait, and hope, and try ;
 Can Jesus hear a Sinner pray,
 Yet suffer him to die ?

No : he is full of Grace ;
 He never will permit
 A Soul, that fain would see his Face,
 To perish at his Feet.

H Y M N CLVI.

Light shining out of darkness.

GOD moves in a mysterious Way,
 His Wonders to perform ;
 He plants his Footsteps in the Sea,
 And rides upon the Storm.

Deep in unfathomable Mines
 Of never failing Skill ;
 He Treasures up his bright Designs,
 And Works his sovereign Will.

Ye fearful Saints fresh Courage take,
 The Clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with Mercy, and shall break
 In Blessings on your Head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble Sense,
 But trust him for his Grace ;
 Behind a frowning Providence,
 He hides a smiling Face.

His Purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry Hour ;
The Bud may have a Bitter Taste,
But sweet will be the Flow'r.

Blind Unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his Work in vain ;
God is his own Interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

H Y M N CLVII.

Spiritual Apparel, namely, The Robe of Righteousness, and Garments of Salvation.

Isa. lxi. 10.

A WAKE, my Heart, arise my Tongue,
Prepare a tuneful Voice,
In God, the Life of all my Joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

'Tis he adorn'd my naked Soul,
And made Salvation mine ;
Upon a poor polluted Worm
He makes his Graces shine.

And lest the Shadow of a Spot
Should on my Soul be found,
He took the Robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

How far the heav'nly Robe exceeds
What earthly Princes wear !
These Ornaments, how bright they shine !
How white the Garments are !

The Spirit wrought my Faith, and Love,
 And Hope, and ev'ry Grace ;
 But Jesus spent his Life to work
 The Robe of Righteousness.

Strangely, my Soul, art thou array'd
 By the great Sacred Three !
 In sweetest Harmony of Praise
 Let all thy Powers agree.

H Y M N CLVIII.

The Hopes of Heaven our Support under Trials
 on Earth.

WHEN I can read my Title clear
 To Mansions in the Skies,
 I bid farewell to ev'ry Fear,
 And wipe my weeping Eyes.

Should Earth against my Soul engage,
 And hellish Darts be hurl'd,
 Then I can smile at Satan's Rage,
 And face a frowning World.

Let Cares like a wild Deluge come,
 And Storms of Sorrow fall ;
 May I but safely reach my Home,
 My God, my Heav'n, my All :

There shall I bathe my weary Soul
 In Seas of heav'nly Rest,
 And not a Wave of Trouble roll
 Across my peaceful Breast.

F I N I S.

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